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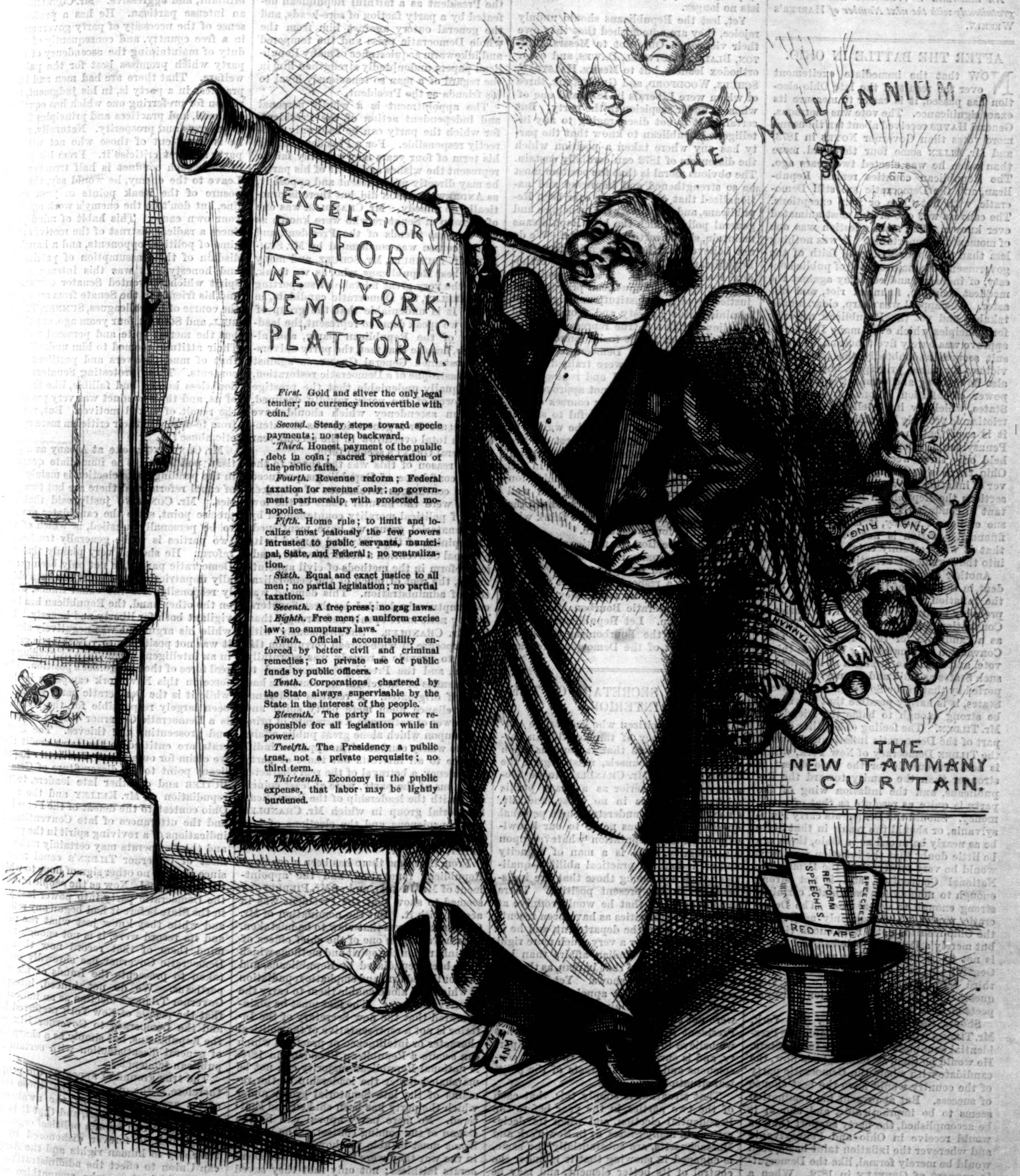

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Fourth. Revenue reform; Federal taxation for revenue only; no government partnership with protected monopolies.

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Tenth. Corporations chartered by the State always supervisable by the State in the interest of the people.

Eleventh. The party in power responsible for all legislation while in power.

Twelfth. The Presidency a public trust, not a private perquisite; no third term.

Thirteenth. Economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burdened.

IT SOUNDS WELL!—THE PROLOGUE BEFORE THE FARCE.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, November 6, 1875.

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AFTER THE BATTLE IN OHIO.

NOW that the immediate excitement over the result of the late Ohio election has passed, it is easier to measure its exact significance. The vote was enormous. General Hayes received about ten thousand more votes than Governor Noyes in 1873, and Mr. Allen some four thousand more than when he was elected two years ago. The Republican counties remain Republican, and the Democratic are still Democratic, with but three or four exceptions. The canvass was one of the most animated ever known. The main question was one of momentous importance. It was nothing less than the honor and good faith of the government, the maintenance of public honesty, of industry, and economy against the maddest delusion, financial riot, and disaster. The appeal was sharp, clear, unmistakable, and yet the Republican majority for principles which even many Democrats approve was barely five thousand. This result secures undoubtedly the prestige of victory for those principles, but it shows also how strong and compact is the voting power of inflation in one of the largest States, which by its intelligence and patriotism is properly Republican. And when it is seen that in the very next State of Pennsylvania, where the election is to be held only three weeks later than that in Ohio, there is so strong a sentiment in favor of inflation known to exist that in some sections the Republican leaders are reluctant to conduct the campaign upon the issue of honest money, it is plain that the financial question is not yet settled, and that it will certainly enter in some form into the Presidential election of next year.

Another point which becomes more evident in the light of the Ohio result is that the inflation wing of the Democracy will probably be strong enough in the National Convention of its party to defeat Mr. Tilden as a candidate for the Presidency. That Convention nominates only by a two-thirds vote, and with the strength of inflation in such States as Ohio and Pennsylvania, supported by that in the Southern and Western States, it is hardly possible that it will not be strong enough to baffle the friends of Mr. Tilden. The feeling of hostility on the part of the Democratic inflationists toward the Tilden Democracy of New York, which is held responsible for the Ohio defeat, is stronger than the enmity toward the Republicans, and the inflation wing of the party is quite as resolute as that of sound money. Should the Democrats carry Pennsylvania, or should the result in that State be as nearly balanced as in Ohio, there can be little doubt that the inflation sentiment would be very powerful in the Democratic National Convention, and if not strong enough to nominate a candidate, certainly strong enough to defeat one. The Democratic papers which solemnly assert that the Ohio result is not a Republican victory, but merely a Democratic defeat, and that it is not to be interpreted as an approval of General Grant's administration or of the third term, waste their time. The vital question for them is the situation and prospects of their own party.

Should the Democrats carry New York, Mr. Tilden will be unquestionably the Presidential candidate of his party in the State. He would be then, as, indeed, he is now, the candidate with whom the Democratic party of the country would have the best chance of success. But at present his nomination seems to be impracticable, and should it be accomplished, the party support that he would receive in Ohio and Pennsylvania and wherever the inflation taint has spread would be merely formal, like the Democratic support of Greeley in 1872. When a party is so bitterly and sharply divided as the Democratic organization is upon the currency question, party spirit may counsel harmony in so great an emergency as a Presidential election, but harmony is possible only by compromise. Under such circumstances a convention does not select the representative candidate of either of the extreme views, but finds some one whose mildness and flaccidity of opinion make him tolerable to both sides. On the other hand, the autumn elections of this year and the manly and vigorous Ohio campaign have made the most positive nomination indispensable to the Republicans. The Republican party as compared with the Democratic is to-day the party of a sound financial system. The desperate Democratic hard-money appeals in New York to Jackson and Benton merely emphasize the very evident fact that the Democratic party in Ohio and Pennsylvania contemptuously repudiate the creed of Jackson and Benton. Every argument that proves the Democratic party of forty years ago to have been a hard-money party merely proves that that party exists no longer.

Yet, lest the Republicans should unduly rejoice, they are admonished that they owe their victory in Ohio not to Messrs. Morton, Blaine, Boutwell, Dawes, and other orthodox leaders, but to Messrs. Halstead, Schurz, Woodford, and Grosvenor, three of whom were Liberals in 1872, and one of whom is under suspicion in the party. But certainly it is not discouraging to any intelligent Republican to know that the party has any where taken a position which the dissenters of 1872 can cordially sustain. The obvious moral is that the position must be so strengthened and improved and nationalized that all who have ever been Republicans, and who prefer the principles and general policy which the best Republicans maintain, shall heartily co-operate. We do not believe that the true sentiment of the Republican party is bound to any "orthodox" leader or leaders. It seeks good government upon the Republican principles of justice, equality, constitutional right, and administrative honesty and economy, and it believes that the true representative of those principles is not to be found among politicians of the old Democratic régime, but among those who were trained in the faith that has redeemed and renewed the Union, even if they have not approved nor supported some of the later courses of the party. Mr. Schurz was careful to say, in his first speech in Ohio, that he waited to see which party in 1876 would best deserve the aid of independent voters. General Bartlett implied the same thing in his letter declining the Democratic nomination in Massachusetts. And nothing can well be plainer than that if the party runs in the old ruts, such men, and all who think with them, will be found elsewhere.

The Ohio election unquestionably leaves the Republican party in a stronger position than it has held for a long time. But it lays upon it a responsibility that will test its fitness to retain its ascendency. In New York the Democratic Bourbon has at last begun to learn. Let Republicans beware of taking up the Bourbonism which the shrewder part of the Democrats are casting off.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR.

Every good citizen who desires the continued ascendency of the Republican party, yet who knows that it depends upon changed party counsels, must regard the appointment of Mr. Chandler to be Secretary of the Interior as a grave public misfortune. It is in no sense, and Mr. Chandler will so understand us, a personal question. There has never to our knowledge been any imputation whatever upon his integrity. He is a man of sagacity and of undoubted practical ability—qualities which are among those that are indispensable in his present position. There is no suggestion that he would connive at any such irregularities as have been recently charged upon the department, and he is understood to favor a very much more rigid administration of Indian affairs than has been the practice of that bureau, as the late Red Cloud report shows. Yet, notwithstanding all this, his appointment might be considered to be almost a disaster, if it were not so plain that in naming him the President disregards the feelings of what we believe to be the larger part of the party, and is curiously blind to the most conspicuous and significant facts of the political situation.

That situation is simply this, that each of the two parties, in the year before the Presidential election, and when its declarations in many States, as in New York and Massachusetts, are substantially the same, is engaged in showing that it is under the control of its better element, and may be safely trusted to secure needed reforms and to administer the government honestly, efficiently, and economically. The situation may be regarded as of the nature of a game. The Democrats move Governor Tilden as an example of their purpose of good government and reform: an officer who exposes and pursues the offenses of his own fellow-partisans, and promotes the nomination to high office of political opponents to co-operate in reform. And his party loudly, and of course interestedly, applauds. Thereupon, not the Republican party, but the President, moves Mr. Chandler. The party certainly does not applaud. And that is the fact which should be regarded. The appointment is the single, personal, individual act of the President. He undoubtedly personally likes Mr. Chandler, and thinks that he is a straight and sound party man. He hears no whisper against his honesty, and probably considers a protest from any quarter as a mere difference of opinion, in which he will abide by his own preference. The fact that Mr. Chandler was not re-elected to the Senate probably commends him to the sympathy of the President as a faithful Republican defeated by a party faction of sore-heads, and the general outcry against him from the whole Democratic press and the tempered and lukewarm acquiescence of many Republican papers undoubtedly strengthen him in the regard of a man so tenaciously loyal to his friends as the President.

The appointment is a wholly personal and independent action of the President, for which the party can be held only indirectly responsible. For a President during his term of four years may not only fail to represent the wishes and spirit of his party, he may directly misrepresent and oppose it, as Andrew Johnson did, but there is practically no remedy. Mr. Chandler was one of a group of Senators who were known as the especial friends of the President, and whose course was condemned by Mr. Sumner, Mr. Trumbull, Mr. Schurz, and many of the best Republicans, who, as we think, made the very great mistake of supporting Mr. Greeley, the Democratic candidate, in 1872. It is undeniable that the group of which we speak came to represent the leadership of the Republican party, and although, despite that fact, the party universally sustained General Grant as against the catastrophe of a Democratic restoration, it is equally undeniable that the prestige and power of the party rapidly declined, until an ascendency which should have been secure for a generation was threatened with total overthrow in the second year of General Grant's second term.

The reason of this was the shock to the moral confidence of Republicans produced by the continuous revelations of practices which were the natural result of the low tone of political morality countenanced by the Senatorial group we have mentioned. The opinion of the party had carried in its National Convention a declaration for a radical reform in the methods of civil appointments, the root of much of the demoralization of administration. This demand was contemptuously derided by these Senators, and by none more openly and strongly than by Mr. Chandler. Simultaneously with the exposure of wide-spread corruption the effort to provide a remedy was scornfully baffled, and the President surrendered to the enemies of the reform movement he had himself originated. A reckless and ignorant reliance upon mere party spirit and the power of patronage, a disregard of principles upon which alone great public affairs can be wisely conducted, an apparent indifference to all interests but those of party ascendency, a betrayal of the real character and aims of the party, were at least coincident with the leadership of the Republican Senatorial group in which Mr. Chandler was conspicuous, and the elections of last autumn showed that the party would endure it no longer.

From that time there has been a constant Republican renovation, and the appointment of Mr. Jewell and of Mr. Pierrepont seemed to show that the President was in accord with it. But the nomination of Mr. Chandler proves that view to be mistaken. It is installing in one of the chief offices of administration the spirit and methods which have been repudiated by Republicans, and the continued firm and emphatic repudiation of which can alone enable them to carry the country next year. The fact must be plainly stated that the new Secretary of the Interior is not a representative of the political character or intelligence or practices which can secure a Republican President in 1876. A national Republican majority can not be marshaled under the leadership of the remains of the late Senatorial group under which the party has been shaken and shattered. No mere party appeal will be the slogan of the coming contest. The Republicans must be able to show not only that in the war they were faithful and the Democrats faithless; not only that they saved the Union and made freedom co-extensive with the country; not only that the Democrats show no general or sincere purpose of reform, and that they will naturally favor Southern rebel claims of every kind; but also that the Republican is the determined party of reform both in methods and results, and of a purer and nobler tone in administration than peddlers in party patronage can conceive. If the principle and enthusiasm of the better Republicans can not do this, the country will take the risk of a Democratic Administration. And it is because this appointment might have done so much to aid the good result, and because the nomination shows how utterly the President misunderstands the situation, that it seems to us so unfortunate.

SENATOR CONKLING AT ALBANY.

The political situation is so critical and peculiar that a speech from Senator Conkling was awaited with eager curiosity. It was delivered at Albany to an immense throng, and was characteristically bold, brilliant, and aggressive. Mr. Conkling is an intense partisan. He has a profound sense of the necessity of party government in a free country, and consequently of the duty of maintaining the ascendency of the party which promises best for the public welfare. That there are bad men and bad practices in a party is, in his judgment, no reason for preferring one which has equally bad men, and practices and principles fatal to progress and prosperity. Naturally, also, he is impatient of those who act with a party and yet criticise it. From his point of view, such conduct is half treacherous. Leave to the enemy, he would say, the exposure of the weak points in your own line, but don't do the enemy's work against your own cause. This habit of mind produces a radical distrust of the motives and aims of political opponents, and a haughty disdain of their assumption of patriotism and honesty. It was this intense party spirit which prevented Senator Conkling and his friends in the Senate from seeing in the course of his colleagues, Sumner, Trumbull, and Schurz, four years ago, any thing but the merest spite and personal feeling. Their attitude seemed to him undoubtedly that of mud-throwers and pestilent malcontents. Those protesting Senators were doubtless human and fallible, like the rest of us, and their conduct was very probably the result of mixed motives. But, viewed from to-day, was their criticism mere splenetic abuse?

Mr. Conkling spoke at Albany as a partisan politician. The immediate question in the pending State election is mainly that of canal reform, and there are but two parties. Mr. Conkling justly said that the precise point, since the candidates are not to be personally assailed, is which of the two parties is to be generally trusted for reform. He showed very plainly that the Democratic party has not only been generally unpatriotic, but that it has been chiefly responsible for the canal frauds, while, on the other hand, the Republican has been vigilant both for liberty and honesty. But while his argument was negatively strong, it was not positively so. Nothing is gained in an intelligent community by evading the real force of the antagonist's position. That force in this New York campaign is that, while it is the Democratic party which has been largely responsible for the frauds, it is a Democratic Governor who is exposing and prosecuting the thieves. The Democrats are entitled to the same credit that we claim for ourselves. The better Republicans point to the discomfiture of General Butler and of other late leaders, to the repudiation of Mr. Kelley and the noble Ohio contest, to the defeat of the Force Bill, and the utterances of late Conventions as indications of a reviving spirit in the party; and the Democrats may certainly make the most of Governor Tilden's canal reform, since there is no other sign of hope to which they can appeal. Now as the people brought the Democratic party into power last year in the State before it had begun any reform, and while they knew just what the party and its record were, it is not enough to remind them of that record now that the Democratic Governor has shrewdly undertaken to prosecute the frauds of his own partisans. We do not, indeed, interpret Governor Tilden's election as an indication that the people of New York preferred him and the Democracy to Governor Dix and the Republicans, but simply as a sharp sign of general dissatisfaction with certain Republican tendencies.

The true ground of appeal to the people, therefore, is the great fact that those tendencies are condemned by the awakening spirit of the party itself, and that it is not necessary to call upon a political organization which is forever dishonored by its treachery to human rights and the American Union to effect the administrative reforms which those who sympathize with the Republican party naturally and more earnestly desire than the supporters of the Democratic party, because, as a rule, they are the more intelligent class of the community. Our politics are necessarily complicated. They are really national, although our contests are usually local in the States. The voter in New York is asked to support Governor Tilden's canal reform by voting for the Democratic candidates. But he is not told that to support the Democratic candidates in New York is to do all that he can this year to place the national government next year in the hands of the political organization which, under its present leaders, sought the destruction of that government fifteen years ago. And those who suppose that fact to be unimportant make a very serious mistake. Governor Tilden's canal reforms will be sustained just as efficiently by voting for the Republican candidates as for the Democratic. Mr. Danforth, who with Mr. Selden is the leader of the bar in his county, will be quite as vigorous and able an opponent of canal thieves as Mr. Fairchild, the present Deputy Attorney-General; and the support of Mr. Danforth and his associates has this further advantage, that it helps a national Republican success next year.

But to make this last fact a persuasive argument in a State which defeated the Republicans at the last election, it is first of all absolutely necessary to show that Republican success next year does not mean a continuance of those courses which led to Republican defeat last year. And our criticism of Mr. Conkling's speech is that it contained no assurance of this truth, for a truth it is, and it can not safely be forgotten or disregarded. His speech was an appeal to the past only, not an inspiring and triumphant assurance of the future. The orator forgot—despite the truth of all that he said, so truly, so ably, so adroitly, and with such stinging sarcasm, against the Democratic party—that it carried the State last year by fifty thousand majority. How did his speech change the issue? Last year in the Republican Convention Mr. Conkling described the continuing rebellion in the Southern States, illustrated at that time by the New Orleans revolution, and he anticipated an overwhelming Republican majority. The result of the election showed that we were among new influences, and that the decisive Republican argument is not the truth that the Democratic party has been false to the cause of human nature and to the country, but the evidence that the Republican party, discarding the measures and the men that have brought it into peril, is the political organization of the tried patriotism and the true intelligence of the country.

THE PROPOSED CONSTITUTION OF ALABAMA.

The proposed Constitution of Alabama, which is to be submitted to the vote of the people on the 16th of November, was adopted after a sitting of twenty-seven days only, and is in many respects an admirable instrument. We have already mentioned the excellent section which declares that there can be no secession of any State from the Union. It was considered by some delegates superfluous, but it was, we believe, unanimously adopted, and will be admitted, upon reflection, to be very wise, if for no other reason than that it sets a distinct limit to what is called State sovereignty—a fiction which still muddles a great many minds. The reader of Mr. Wilson's *History of the Slave Power* will note the quiet clause in the new Alabama Constitution, "No form of slavery shall exist in the State otherwise than for crime." Yet during the war Governor Tilden was busily diffusing the "sound political information" that emancipation had always been a failure, and that Bishop Hopkins had conclusively shown slavery to be a most Christian institution. Even Alabama has outgrown Governor Tilden's views.

Another section of the new Constitution prohibits legislation imposing any educational or property qualification for suffrage or office, or any restraint upon the same on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. This section, which does not allow the most abject ignorance to be a bar to any political position, lays a moral obligation upon the State to provide amply and carefully for general education. The Legislature is to establish free schools for all children between seven and twenty-one years of age, and unfortunately the Constitution declares that "separate schools *shall* be provided for the children of citizens of African descent." This provision might more wisely have been discretionary than mandatory, and it shows how deep and strong is the prejudice of race. A Constitution which thus, by recognizing, establishes a pariah class must presently be amended. The Constitution forbids transportation companies to grant free passes to members of the General Assembly, or to sell them tickets at a discount, and it prohibits telegraph companies from consolidating with competing lines, from owning a controlling interest in their stock, or in any way from buying or acquiring them. A married woman's property of every kind is to be free from liability for her husband's debts, and is to be enjoyed as if she were unmarried. Banks and banking companies must close up their business in twenty years from the time of organization, unless the Legislature extends the time; they must always be established upon a specie basis, and the suspension of specie payments, directly or indirectly, is forbidden.

There are guards against local and special legislation, and absolute restrictions upon State aid to works of internal improvements, and upon the giving of money or credit by cities or towns to private corporations. Church, charitable, and school property is exempted from taxation. Elections are to be biennial, and the State and national elections are to be held at different times. The Legislative sessions are also to be biennial, and not more than fifty days in length. The Legislature itself is composed of thirty-three Senators and one hundred Representatives, all to be paid four dollars a day and ten cents mileage. Like all the later Constitutions in the country, the new Alabama instrument shows a certain distrust of the Legislature; but upon the whole it seems to be judicious and reasonable.

THE RED CLOUD REPORT.

The Red Cloud Investigating Commission have submitted their report upon the charges made by Professor Marsh against the Indian Bureau of the Interior Department. The accusation was in two parts—that there were frauds, and that the responsibility rested with the Secretary of the Interior and the Indian Commissioner. We will consider the details in the order given them by Professor Marsh.

The first charge was the general incompetency and dishonesty of J. J. Saville, the Indian agent at the Red Cloud agency. The Commission report him incompetent, but not dishonest, and recommend his removal.

The second charge was the overestimate of the number of Indians supplied at the agency. Professor Marsh says that there could not have been more than 8400 in all last November, although 15,000 had been reported on the 1st of October. The Commission think that although it is very difficult to make an exact enumeration, the last year's census of 13,423 is probably correct.

The third charge was the fraudulent issue of annuity goods. The Commission find the system of accounts very bad, and blame the Indian Office, but a specific case mentioned they declare to be wholly without proof.

The fourth charge is frauds in beef cattle, the chief contractor being "the well-known Bosler, notorious for frauds in previous contracts." The Commission find that the facts "completely exonerate Mr. Bosler from every imputation and charge of fraud," and that the general charge is unfounded. But, to avoid collusion between corrupt agents and contractors, they recommend that deliveries of beef be made under the supervision of the Commissary-General of the Army.

The fifth charge was frauds in pork; the Commission sustain it, and recommend the removal of the inspector and the exclusion of the contractor from future dealings with the government.

The sixth charge was fraud in flour, which the report sustains.

The seventh and eighth charges were frauds in sugar, coffee, and tobacco, which the Commission do not sustain.

The ninth charge was the suffering of the Indians from cold and hunger, due to the Indian Ring. The Commission do not believe that the suffering was great, and they think it was due to the improvidence of the Indians.

The tenth charge was fraud in the freight contract. This the Commission sustain, and recommend legal proceedings against the contractor.

The Commissioners' report thus fully justifies the charges of fraud made by Professor Marsh, although it does not sustain them all in detail. But in regard to the responsibility they say that the Secretary has but little to do with the Indian Office, and they learn but of three occasions upon which his attention was called to the abuses at the Red Cloud agency; and he was not long aware of them without making sincere efforts to investigate and reform them. Yet Professor Marsh refers to official reports, showing the character and incompetence of Mr. Saville, made to the department in October, 1874, and still earlier, but which were without effect. The truth is that any intelligent man at the head of such a department, who knows that the Indians are at the mercy of inspectors and contractors far away upon the frontier, and who also knows the strong temptation and enormous opportunity for fraud, ought to assume the truth of every report of fraud responsibly made, and institute careful investigation. Not to do this is certainly to be curiously negligent and to invite suspicion. The Commission acquit the Indian Commissioner of any personal or official dishonesty, but they censure him for the want of that vigilance, astuteness, and decision of character which should belong to the head of such a bureau.

Professor Marsh has discharged a very disagreeable duty, and taken a very serious responsibility, which the event shows that he was authorized to take. He exposed abuses which are conceded, after thorough investigation, to exist, and he denounced public agents who, after careful scrutiny, are recommended for removal. It is not necessary to the completeness of his vindication in making the charges that in every detail he should be shown to be correct. He could have had no interested or selfish motive, for the Indians have neither votes nor means of rewarding him. He has done a public service in pointing out abuses and demanding their redress, and he merits the public gratitude for a thankless task bravely done.

PERSONAL.

Colonel Forney, writing home of the frequent wills and bequests printed in the daily papers, and the good influence of their example, mentions the will of the Rev. Henry Charles Morgan, made two years ago. His personal estate was about $1,000,000. He left $5000 each to nineteen hospitals and benevolent institutions, and $2500 each to five other institutions. Another benefactor was Thomas Bliss Pugh, who died a month ago, leaving $15,000 to the Royal Sea-bathing Infirmary, and $1500 each to three other charities. Another was Mr. John S. M. Churchill, who left some $200,000 to various hospitals and churches. We are constantly doing the same thing in the U. S., and on a scale quite as generous.

—The late E. T. Pratt, of Massachusetts, in his last will provided that the interest of his entire estate, after payment of his funeral expenses, should be applied to the support of the schools of Carver, Massachusetts.

—Dr. Lawson, connected with the largest British lunatic asylum, has weighed the brains of all the demented patients who have died under his charge within the past five years. He says that the brains of lunatics do not lose in weight by disease, and that they average as large as those of sane persons.

—The venerable Peter Cooper goes every where, all the time, at all hours, and gives no sign of physical abatement, though he has touched eighty-four. He was one of the last to leave at the Board of Trade dinner a few evenings since, and on Thursday night he listened to the whole of General Butler's speech on the interconvertible greenback, which was enough to try the constitution and by-laws of an octogenarian, to say nothing of his rules of order.

—Darlington, England, was the scene of great rejoicing a few days ago at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the first English railroad, crowning the occasion by erecting a statue to the memory of its eminent citizen, Joseph Pease. Upward of $100,000 is said to have been spent on the festivities, and among the guests were many of the great men as well as great noblemen of England.

—In playful allusion to the candidacy of Dr. I. I. Hayes, the arctic explorer, for member of Assembly from this city, the Boston *Post* remarks that he ought to run well at the "poles."

—A memoir of Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who for some fifty years was president of Union College, is about to be published. His grandson, Eliphalet Nott Potter, is now president of the college.

—Minister Hardenberg's memoirs of the eventful times in Europe from the rise to the fall of the first Napoleon are being prepared for publication by Leopold von Ranke. After Hardenberg's death the memoirs were deposited in the private state archives, with a special order by King Frederick William not to publish them till fifty years had elapsed.

—The *Daily Graphic*, alluding to Mr. George W. Childs, says: "Poe's grave would have been unmarked but for his generosity. His figures are always fine, as when the other day he drew his check for $10,000 for the Centennial fund. His name gets into the papers very often, but more of his autographs may probably be found on the subscription papers of worthy objects and helpful charities than elsewhere."

—Hon. James Knox, of Knoxville, Illinois, has given $10,000 toward a Swedish college in that city, and $10,000 to St. Mary's (Episcopal) School in the same place.

—Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson was a guest of the Boston Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company on its late visit to Concord, and responding to their toast, said he was quite unable to address them, adding, "A year or two ago—I think three years ago—I should have ventured to give my views and endeavored to speak to an audience like this—so rare as this—with some courage that I might properly express myself; but I have ceased to speak in public. I was always unequal to the task of a sudden address."

—General Sherman said lately to a St. Louis newspaper man that he did not propose to answer any of the critics of his Memoirs. He has offered to publish as an appendix to his book the letters of those who think themselves unjustly treated. He has received many letters from prominent military men commending the justice and impartiality of his book, among whom are General J. A. Garfield, General C. H. Grosvenor, General J. W. Foster, General W. W. Wright, and General Lucius Fairchild.

—M. Thiers recently said: "Although I have been one of the most active men of this century, and am still in possession of my faculties, I feel the want of rest. I am weary—the hour of retirement has struck. I must think of my memoirs. I commenced that work forty years ago, and as yet have only written a few notes. I wish at least to finish this before I die; it will be my last legacy to the French people." It is sure to have a good sale, and the gentleman who gets the legacy may congratulate himself and wish M. Thiers long life—that is, enough to complete the book.

—Mr. James Lick seems to have a facility for changing his mind. He has reduced the sum for a monument to Key, author of "The Star-spangled Banner," from $150,000 to $60,000. The appropriation of $250,000 for bronze statuary to be set up in Sacramento is reduced to $100,000. The $300,000 to endow the "California School of Mechanical Arts" is increased to $540,000.

—Lord William Lennox has written *Celebrities I have Known; with Episodes Political, Social, Sporting, and Theatrical.* It will be published in a few days in London.

—The President of France, Marshal M'Mahon, is not so badly provided for. The government allows him $10,000 a month—$120,000 per annum; besides which he is allowed $78,000 for household and reception expenses.

—The Emperor of Brazil, who comes to the Centennial next year, has just been favored with a grandson. His daughter, the Princess Imperial, who is to succeed him on the throne, was married eleven years ago to the Count D'Eu, a son of the Duke of Nemours, and grandson of Louis Philippe. Louis Philippe failed to fix his dynasty on the soil of France, but his blood runs in the veins of half a dozen sovereign houses to-day. His grandson, Leopold II., reigns in Belgium; two of his grandsons, Ferdinand and Antony de Montpensier, are Infants of Spain in near succession to the Spanish throne; and negotiations are going on for the marriage of his granddaughter, Mercedes de Montpensier, to the young King Alphonso XII.

—The romantic exploit of Carl Schurz when a boy, in securing the escape from the penitentiary at Spandau of the republican Professor Kenkel, who had been sentenced to imprisonment for life, is one of those generous and chivalrous achievements the fame of which the world does not let die. Schurz was assisted by the keeper of a hotel in Spandau, named Keneger, who died on the 16th of September, aged seventy-six. The Berlin *Tribune* has an article on the death of Keneger, whose service was in giving Schurz an asylum in his house, and whose business was ruined by the persecution which he underwent after the reaction from the republican effusion of '48.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Hon. Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, has been appointed Secretary of the Interior, in place of Mr. Delano, resigned. The new Secretary is a native of Bedford, New Hampshire, and is nearly sixty-two years of age.

The returns of the election held October 20 for State Superintendent of Public Instruction in California indicate that Mr. Carr, Republican, is elected.

In the so-called treaty of peace between Governor Ames and the Democratic State Executive Committee, at Jackson, Mississippi, whereby the militia was disbanded, the committee assured the Governor that there was no other desire among the whites than that peace should be preserved, the laws enforced, and a fair election had, and the leading whites would do all in their power to this end. The Governor responded that, in view of this assurance, he would meet their views as far as possible, and would order all the militia companies to disperse and return to their homes. It was agreed that the arms of these companies should be deposited in the depots in the neighborhood in which the companies were raised, and be guarded by United States troops, and be removed only by order of the Governor. The arms would not be delivered to the militia except in case of a riot or insurrection which could not be suppressed by the civil authorities.

Mr. Frederic Hudson, for several years managing editor of the New York *Herald*, was killed by a railroad train at Concord, Massachusetts, October 21. He was fifty-six years of age, and was a journalist of extraordinary ability.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Extensive floods occurred recently throughout Lancashire, Warwickshire, and elsewhere in England. The Midland Railway between Sheffield and Doncaster was submerged, in some places to the extent of five feet. At Darlington the gas-works were flooded, and the town was consequently left in total darkness. At Rotherham, in Yorkshire, many factories were inundated and upward of 2000 workmen were thrown out of employment.

Late dispatches confirm the reports of the settlement of the difficulty between England and China. Mr. Wade, in a telegram from Shanghai, October 18, says that the guarantees obtained from the Chinese by the British in the recent negotiations include the dispatch of a mission to England bearing an apology for the Yun-nan outrage and a safe-conduct to Burmah for the commissioners of inquiry.

A destructive fire occurred recently in the town of Widzy, Russian Poland. Over 200 dwellings were burned. Several persons perished, and 3000 of the inhabitants were made homeless.

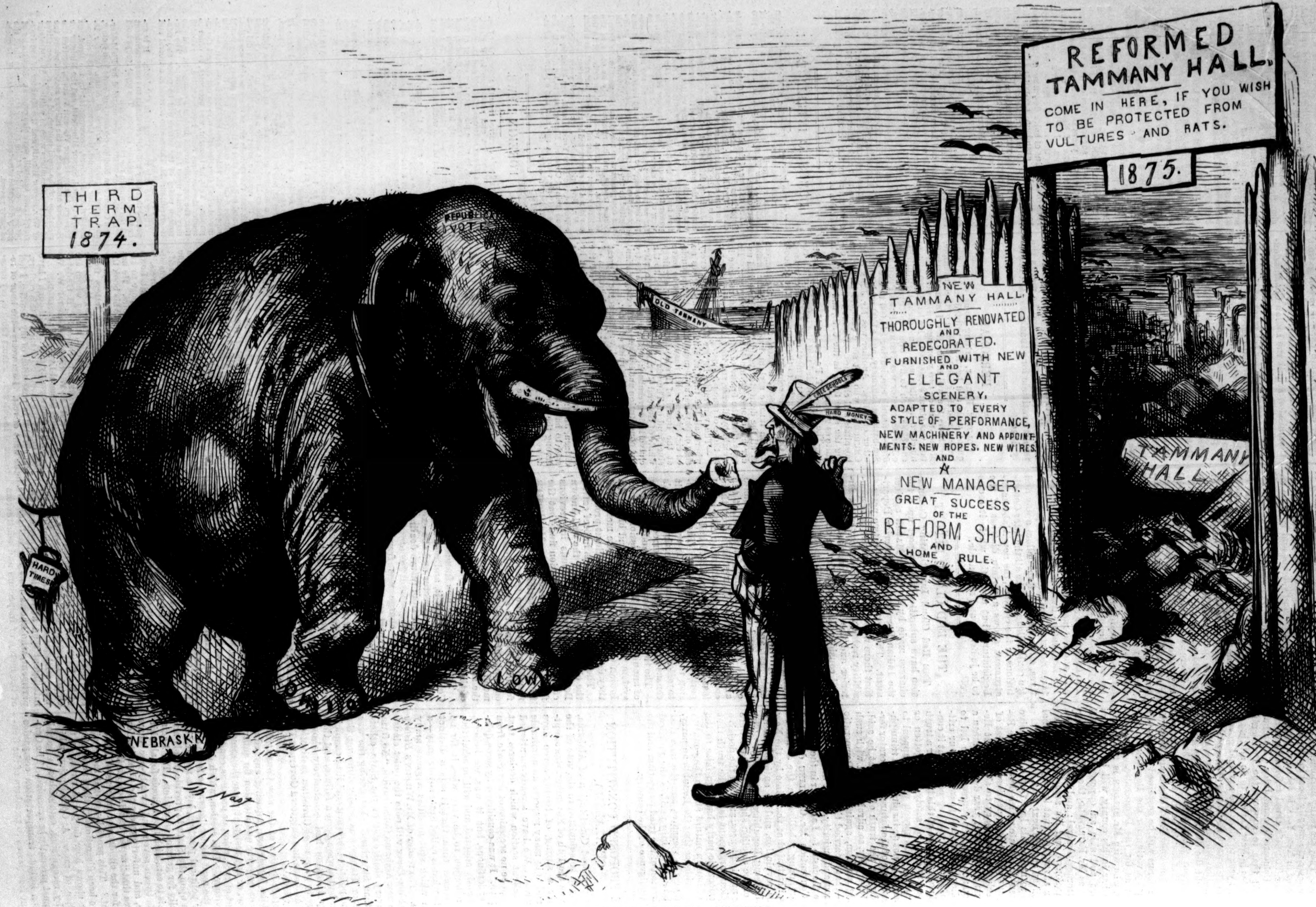
The Presidential election in Peru is believed to have resulted in the choice of Señor Prado. There were serious riots at Lima, and several persons were killed or wounded.

The British steamer *Serapis*, with the Prince of Wales and suit on board, reached the Piræus, Greece, October 18, and left two days later for the East.

At a banquet given in honor of M. Thiers, October 18, the ex-President made a speech, in which he said that the republic must be maintained. He did not think that the radicals are as black as they are painted, and believed that if they gained power they would pursue a different course from what their opponents supposed. M. Thiers also said that he desired the dismissal of all functionaries who do not respect the republic. This, he thought, was necessary, in order to render the elections really representative. He denied that the republic would isolate France, and said she may count upon the sympathy of Europe. The European policy of the future will be peace and non-intervention. M. Thiers also advocated a liberal and modern system of education.

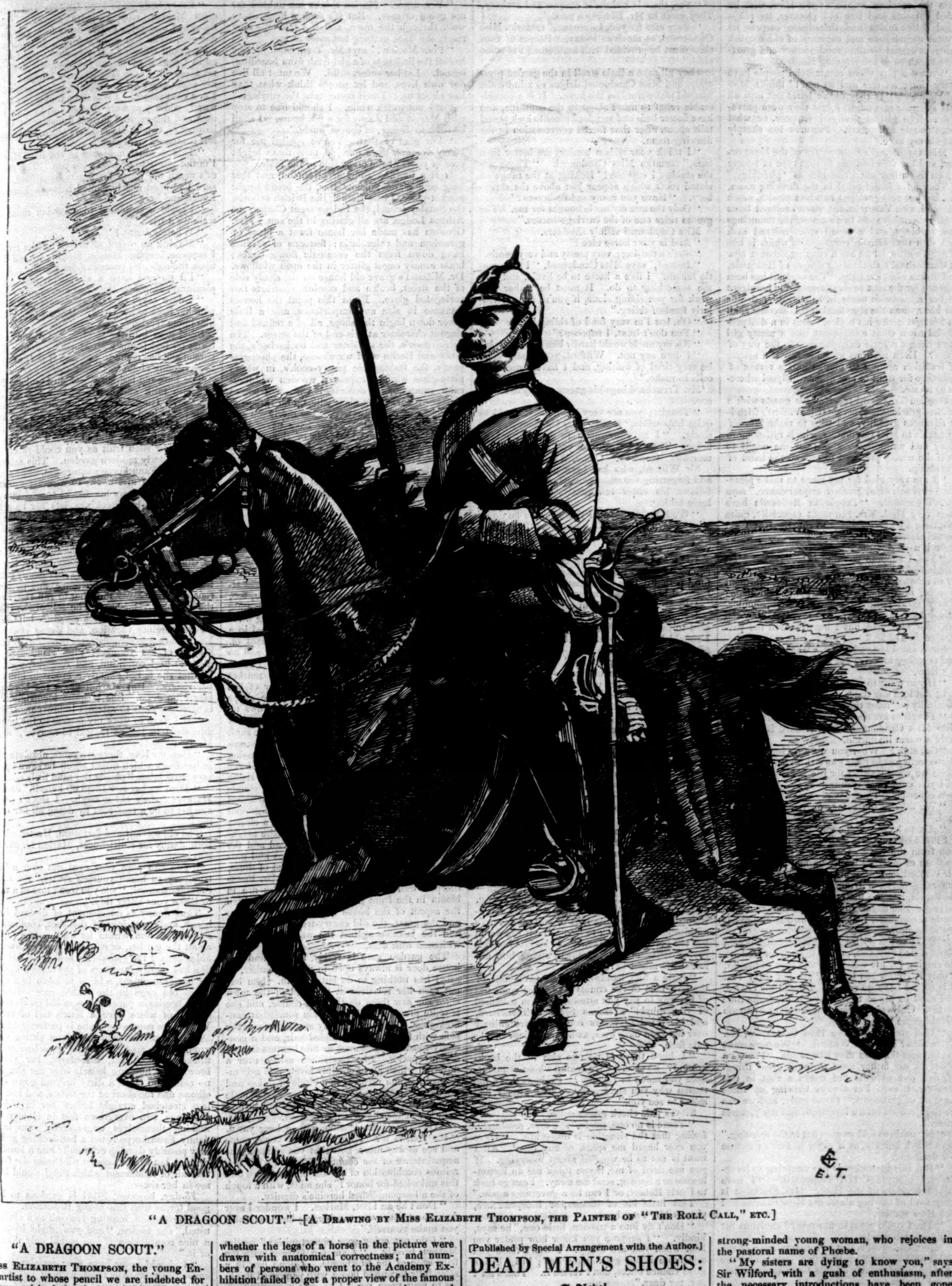
There are only 2000 Carlists in Catalonia. It is expected that they will either submit to the government or make their way into France. The royal troops hold all the towns in the neighborhood.

The Emperor William, accompanied by Field-Marshal Count von Moltke, Secretary of State Von Bulow, and other dignitaries, arrived at Milan October 18. King Victor Emanuel, the Crown Prince and Princess, and Prince Amadeus, accompanied by the President of the Council, Signor Minghetti, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Signor Visconti Venosta, received the Emperor and his suit at the railway station, where the members of the royal household and representatives of the two Chambers were in waiting. The Minister of War, Signor Ricotti, and the Minister of the Interior, Signor Cantelli, were also present. Multitudes of people assembled at the railway station, and lined the gayly decorated streets through which the distinguished party passed.


THIRD TERM TRAP. 1874.
REPUBLICAN VOTE
$
HARD TIMES
NEBRASKA
OHIO
IOW
OLD TAMMANY
FREE SCHOOLS
OHIO
HARD MONEY.
NEW TAMMANY HALL
THOROUGHLY RENOVATED AND REDECORATED. FURNISHED WITH NEW AND ELEGANT SCENERY, ADAPTED TO EVERY STYLE OF PERFORMANCE, NEW MACHINERY AND APPOINTMENTS. NEW ROPES, NEW WIRES AND A NEW MANAGER. GREAT SUCCESS OF THE REFORM SHOW AND HOME RULE.
REFORMED TAMMANY HALL.
COME IN HERE, IF YOU WISH TO BE PROTECTED FROM VULTURES AND RATS.
1875.
TAMMANY HALL
Th Nast

OUT OF ONE INTO ANOTHER?

U. S. "Now don't be frightened into THAT Trap."



"A DRAGOON SCOUT."—[A DRAWING BY MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, THE PAINTER OF "THE ROLL CALL," ETC.]

"A DRAGOON SCOUT."

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON, the young English artist to whose pencil we are indebted for the above spirited sketch, is indefatigable in the study and practice of her art. She is a close and intelligent observer, and studies chiefly out-of-doors. A year ago her name was almost unknown, though certain very clever sketches of hers, published in the London illustrated journals, had caused her to be regarded by their conductors as an artist of great promise. The praise publicly bestowed upon her first great painting, "The Roll-Call," by the Prince of Wales, whose encomiums were fully indorsed by professional critics, made her famous and popular. The picture, which represents an episode of the Crimean war, was in every one's month; a hot newspaper controversy was waged as to whether the legs of a horse in the picture were drawn with anatomical correctness; and numbers of persons who went to the Academy Exhibition failed to get a proper view of the famous painting because there was always such a crowd in front of it. Besides "The Roll-Call," Miss THOMPSON has exhibited at the Black and White Exhibition in Piccadilly a very spirited sketch, entitled "Halt!" of which an engraving was published in *Harper's Weekly* for August 8, 1874. The studies for the drawing were made at Aldershott during the military manœuvres, of which Miss THOMPSON is a close observer. Her Academy picture this year represents a charge of French cuirassiers and Polish lancers at the battle of Waterloo. Miss THOMPSON is about twenty-three years of age. She is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, her parents having some years ago joined that communion.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

DEAD MEN'S SHOES:

A Novel.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "HOSTAGES TO FORTUNE," "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "A STRANGE WORLD," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.

A DANGEROUS TRIUMPH.

THAT visit of Sir Wilford Candonnel's to Lancaster Lodge is followed in about ten days by a second morning call, the baronet being supported on this occasion by his elder sister, a rather strong-minded young woman, who rejoices in the pastoral name of Phœbe.

"My sisters are dying to know you," says Sir Wilford, with a gush of enthusiasm, after the necessary introductions have been gone through, in a slipshod way, Sir Wilford being careless of the rules and ceremonies of polite life.

Miss Candonnel's countenance does not support her brother's statement by any gleam of light from the spirit within. She is looking round the handsome — upholsterer's — drawing-room with a critical air, taking stock of the big Japanese vases, so like those in the window of the chief grocer at Krampston, the crimson satin curtains and the sofas, half an acre or so of looking-glass, the black boys in front of the console-table holding up golden baskets of emptiness in their ebony arms—a room so different from the spacious saloon at the How, with its faded curtains and fine old pictures, its tulipwood coffee-tables and threadbare carpets, its crystal chandeliers and cabinets of old English china, collected by the grandmothers and great-grandmothers of the reigning family.

"What a pity these commercial people have every thing so fine and so new!" thinks Miss Candonnel. "If they didn't burst out into all this splendor one might forget they were parvenues. The girl is pretty, I suppose, or what most people call pretty. Features too sharply cut for my taste."

Miss Candonnel's features are of the blunt order, and her face inclines to that type of beauty which the vulgar mind classifies as "puddingy."

They have found Sibyl in the drawing-room, looking her very prettiest in white muslin, much adorned with Valenciennes, straw-colored bows dotted about here and there among the flouncings and ruchings, and a broad straw-colored sash tied with that artistic carelessness which is one of Sibyl's gifts. She has a running account now at Carmichael's, the leading draper of Redcastle, and orders what she likes. The account has been running for the past twelve months, and indulgent as her millionaire uncle is, Sibyl rather dreads the hour when the sum total of this account shall be brought under his notice. But in a dull provincial town what excitement can a pretty girl have except a little extravagance in the way of dress? Even matrons whose beauty is a matter of tradition are apt to plunge into a vortex of millinery for want of any other whirlpool wherein to rotate.

Stephen Trenchard received his guests with a marked graciousness, accepts Sir Wilford's friendly advances greedily, and tries to make himself agreeable to Miss Candonnel, who is rather more stony and unimpressionable than she ought to be if she comes prepared to extend the hand of friendship.

"I am very glad for my niece to make pleasant—indeed, distinguished acquaintance," says Mr. Trenchard. "People in Redcastle have been very kind, Mrs. Stormont especially, quite motherly in her goodness to Sibyl. But I am better pleased for her to know county people; there is a—a difference."

"Yes, I suppose you find it so," replies Miss Candonnel, coolly, as if she felt that she belonged to another order of bipeds. "Mrs. Stormont is nice, of course," with seraphic patronage; "very good family, I believe, the Stormonts," this dubiously, as much as to say, "So they tell me, poor creatures, but I haven't seen the particulars in Burke."

Sir Wilford has come to ask when Mr. Trenchard is going to drive Miss Faunthorpe over to the How.

"If you want to see our roses, you know, you must not lose any time, you know," he adds, emphatically; "must they, Phœbe?"

"The roses are nearly over now, Wilford," replies Miss Candonnel, which remark is not exactly a warm invitation.

"Oh, stuff! Why, you were saying that the dijons were just in their glory this very morning, while we were waiting for the phaeton. When will you come, Miss Faunthorpe? To-morrow—Wednesday—Thursday?"

"We dine at the Friary on Wednesday, Wilford."

"Ah, to be sure. To-morrow, then?"

Sibyl looks embarrassed. This marked attention from the head of a county family kindles no flush of gratified vanity on her cheek to-day. Sir Wilford's admiration was pleasant enough on the race-course, a triumph in the sight of all Redcastle, but the matter is now growing more serious. She begins to think that she has really made a conquest, that Sir Wilford is disagreeably in earnest.

"It is like the realization of my childish dream about a rich husband, and all the bells in Redcastle ringing for my wedding," she says to herself, "only it comes too late. I am not sorry that it is so. I have no regret. I made my choice, and shall be proud to stand by it when the time comes. Only it is curious that the childish dream should come true, after all."

"Will you come to the How to-morrow, Mr. Trenchard?" asks Sir Wilford. "We have some old pictures that you may like to see. There's a Vandyck my father used to think great things of, and our gardens are worth a visit in this weather, though I'm always blowing up those beggars of gardeners. Come early, and we can do the gardens before luncheon, and the pictures after."

"My uncle so seldom goes out in the morning," says Sibyl, quickly, as if eager to find an excuse for declining.

"But this invitation is too tempting to be refused," interposes Mr. Trenchard. "I have heard wonders of the How. Mrs. Stormont is very fond of talking about the How vineries and the How stables."

"Then you'll come to-morrow?" exclaims Sir Wilford, delightedly.

Miss Candonnel is lost in contemplation of the lights and shadows on the lawn, seen under the Spanish blind, which affords but a limited view of the garden.

"If that day will suit Miss Candonnel's engagements."

"Oh, I shall be very happy, I'm sure," replies the young lady thus directly appealed to.

After this Miss Candonnel is tolerably civil, and talks to Sibyl a little, questioning her about her habits and amusements—whether she rides, is fond of croquet, archery, and so on, with rather a district-visiting air, as of a kindly inquirer letting herself down to the level of the lower classes.

"You have a croquet club or something of that sort in Redcastle," she says, loftily, as if she had never had the institution clearly explained to her. "I rather think my sister and I are honorary members, but we've never been."

"Yes, there is a club for croquet and archery. They meet in Mr. Boldero's park."

"Very nice for you, I dare say," remarks Miss Candonnel, as much as to say, "People of your class must be provided with amusements of some kind."

They all take a little stroll in the garden presently, and Miss Candonnel deigns to admire the fine old plane-trees on the lawn. It is a considerable relief to move about in the sunshine, and have flower beds and standard roses to look at and talk about, after that forced conversation in the drawing-room.

"I think your ribbon borders are better than ours," remarks Miss Candonnel. "Those are the stables, I suppose?" looking at the range of slated roofs which appear just above the shrubbery. "Have you many saddle-horses?"

"Only the one my uncle bought for me. The groom rides one of the carriage-horses."

Miss Candonnel visibly shudders.

"And is your horse nice?"

"She's a darling; very pretty and very gentle."

"Indeed," says Miss Candonnel, "I hate gentle horses. I like a horse to be lively, and give me something to do. It must be rather dull work for you riding alone, if you're not particularly fond of riding."

"Oh, but I'm very fond of riding."

"You don't hunt, I suppose?"

"No, my uncle would hardly like that, I think."

"I dare say not. Wilford, your roans must be very tired of waiting, and I have some more calls to make."

Mr. Trenchard begs his guests to stay to luncheon.

"Thanks; you are very good, but it would be quite impossible," replies Miss Candonnel, decisively. "I have so much to do before I go home. Then we are to see you at the How to-morrow. Good-by. Come, Wilford, pray."

Sir Wilford, who has been gazing at Sibyl, and forgetting the engagements of life and time, follows his sister reluctantly, after a cordial leave-taking.

"Well, little woman, I think there's no doubt about your having made a conquest there," says Stephen Trenchard, directly the Candonnels have vanished.

His tone is at once more cheerful and more affectionate than it has been for some little time, for a period dating from that night on which he received his nameless visitor.

"Please don't talk about conquests, uncle."

"Nonsense, child. It's a subject I'm very glad to talk about. I want you to marry well. I should like you to make a brilliant marriage, Sibyl, before I am gone."

"Dear uncle, pray don't—"

"My love, I'm an old man—tough and wiry enough, it is true, but well on in years. I can't expect to live forever. And I should like to see you well placed in life before I say my *nunc dimittis*."

"What does it matter, uncle?" says Sibyl, impatiently.

It is so tiresome of this old man—rolling in wealth, and of course intending to bequeath a considerable portion of his riches to her—to harp thus persistently upon the advantages of a good marriage. What could a rich husband avail to one who is to be so richly dowered? Two fortunes are no better than one, if the one be large enough for every earthly desire.

"Believe me, dear uncle, I have no idea of marrying. I never shall marry. And as for Sir Wilford Candonnel," adds Sibyl with asperity, "I positively hate him."

She has her husband's letter in her bosom—that letter written in the Pimlico coffee-house, and transmitted through Jane Dimond's toil-stained hands—and the idea of any other man's admiration is revolting to her. If—if she dared but tell her uncle the truth! If he had not this rooted hatred of his dead enemy's race, how different life might be!

"Hate a fine, handsome young man—one of the best men in the county—who has come out of his way to pay you attention? I'm ashamed of you, Sibyl!" exclaims Stephen Trenchard, and his bristling brows contract threateningly over his keen dark eyes, as he scrutinizes Sibyl's pale face.

"I hope there is no one else in the background?" he says. "No scamp whose acquaintance you made in London? Perhaps that's the reason why you staid away so long after I had asked to see you."

Sibyl's pale cheek grows paler.

"There is no one, uncle," she says, resolutely, feeling that the situation is desperate. "Have you ever heard me speak of any one? All I want is not to be worried about marrying. If you are tired of me, if you think me an incumbrance or a burden, send me away. I can go back to Uncle Robert, or I can be a governess again."

This little bit of temper, or independence, pleases Mr. Trenchard.

"Don't fly into a passion, little one," he says, kindly. "I suppose you know how pretty you look when you are angry. I won't tease you any more about getting married; but when a good chance offers, don't refuse it. That's all I say, my dear."

They go in to luncheon together, and Sibyl resumes those pretty coaxing ways that have won her uncle's heart. She sits near him and ministers to his wants, which are not many, never forgets to hand him the Nepaul pepper, pours out his glass of claret—all with a caressing tenderness which is not without its charm for him.

"I think I shall pay a duty visit this afternoon, uncle, unless you want me for any thing."

"Going to see your sister and the old doctor, I suppose," replies Mr. Trenchard. He speaks of Dr. Robert Faunthorpe with a touch of compassion, as if the surgeon were considerably his senior, instead of being his junior by about ten years.

"Yes, uncle. Marion thinks me unkind for not going oftener. But it's such a long, dusty walk through the town, and if I take the carriage, she does nothing but sneer at me."

"Poor Marion!" says Mr. Trenchard. "She has all the littleness of a girl fresh from boarding-school. Let her sneer, child. We must all live our own lives, and let people think what they like about us. You'd better take the carriage."

"It's not worth while. I should like to stop with Marion and Jenny for a few hours. I shall be back to dinner, of course, uncle."

"I'm glad of that. You've spoiled me for lonely dinners, little one. I miss those bright eyes of yours at the other side of the table."

It is a broiling summer afternoon, and that long empty street below Bar, the broad bright market-place, Little Bethel, the British schools, the Sunday-school, the Independent Chapel, the Athena Lodge, are all glaring in the sun. Mrs. Groshen has made her house front a blaze of geranium and calceolaria; festoons of verdure hang down from the encaustic flower-boxes; brass canary cages glitter in the open windows. Dr. Mitsand's grave old house on the shady side of the street, brown and sombre, contrasts this variegated glare. From this point the houses decrease in size and importance, and a little lower down begin the shops, all of a refined and elegant character at this end of the street. The hair-dresser's, the stationer and bookseller's, the fancy and Berlin wool warehouse, the photographer's, the fashionable pastry-cook's, in whose plate-glass window appear a wooden wedding-cake sumptuously decorated with fly-spotted plaster of Paris, two glass jellies, and three tall glass jars of confectionery of the méringue and cracker bonbon order, which have never been opened within the knowledge of the external world. The méringues, the bonbons, the Savoy biscuits, are pale with old age. But the confectioner is not without business, for it is he who supplies the *vol-au-vents à la Financière* and lobster cutlets which are an inevitable feature in a Redcastle dinner.

After these genteeler repositories come the vulgar every-day butchers and bakers, grocers, candlestick-makers, drapers, and tallow-chandlers. The street opens into the market square, in the middle of which stands the town-hall, square and imposing, with a façade of no particular style, and a big-faced clock, which is always at variance with the minster. Here, too, is the police station at a corner, with a flaming bill stuck against its stony front, offering a reward for the apprehension of the criminal in a murder case which no one has ever heard of. That bill will disappear in a day or two, and no one in Redcastle will ever be any the wiser about the murderer or murder. After the market square the high street, or main artery of the town, dwindles and grows narrow; the shops become dingy and small. There are rows of cottages at intervals, then a row of very ancient and shabby almshouses, whose parlors have sunk below the level of the pavement, and whose upper chambers are no higher than the passing pedestrian's shoulder. Here, at the end of the street, the centre of all this shabbiness, rising sublimely above the petty modern town, stands the minster, one of the most perfect cathedral churches in the land, its ancient burial-ground stretching widely behind it, a forge and a cluster of old-fashioned cottages for its opposite neighbors, and beyond, the white high-road and the open fields. There are a few houses and gardens on this high-road, and the second of these, on the same side as the minster, is Dr. Faunthorpe's dull old dwelling. The roses are in bloom in the front garden to-day, and brighten the aspect of the house a little; but the roses and the grass, the old cherry-tree in the corner, and the jasmine against the wall are all alike whitened with dust.

The garden gate is rarely locked, and the house door is always open in warm weather, so Sibyl has nothing to do but walk in. She has not seen her relatives at this end of the town since she saw them on the race-course, and she is quite prepared to find Marion somewhat cantankerous. That young lady starts up from the sofa with flushed face, rumpled hair, and a generally tousled appearance as Sibyl enters the every-day parlor. She has fallen asleep over a novel, in which an impossibly lovely and accomplished heroine revolves in a circle of dukes and duchesses, marquises and plutocrats, the male members of which patrician society fall in love with her at the slightest provocation.

"Oh!" exclaims Marion, with a long yawn. "It's you, is it? I didn't expect you'd come and see *us* any more, now that you've made the acquaintance of the county. Pray to what fortuitous combination of circumstances do we owe this unlooked-for honor?" she adds, with a touch of the all-accomplished heroine's dignity.

"Don't be an idiot, Marion. I wonder I ever do come to see you, considering how execrable you make yourself."

"I do not enjoy *your* opportunities," replies Marion, briskly. "*I* am not favored with the friendship of the Stormonts. *I* don't live in a splendidly furnished house, with pampered flunkies to wait upon me. I haven't a running account at the draper's. In short, I'm a low, vulgar person altogether."

"Marion, you are too absurd!"

"'Her manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere.' You ought to pity my short-comings. I dare say when you are Lady Candonnel you will cut me altogether. You looked as if you would have liked to do it on the race-course."

"And so I should, you provoking minx. The idea of taking that horrid old rattle-trap of a pony-carriage up to the race-course, to let all Redcastle see how often the harness has been mended, and how the cushions have been devoured by moths!"

"Every body can't have landaus and pairs," cries Marion, with vixenish energy. "You thought I was going to stay away from the races, did you, while you were enjoying yourself with your grand friends? If you didn't want me to go in Uncle Robert's pony-chaise, why don't you take me in Uncle Trenchard's landau? He's my uncle every bit as much as he's yours, unless I'm a changeling. I was to be moping at home, was I, while you were decked out in new bonnets and things, and flirting audaciously with a baronet? Cinderella's sisters were kindness itself compared with you."

"Talk as much nonsense as you like, Marion. I'm not going to quarrel with you. The weather's much too warm for family squabbles. I'm sure I've been nearly melted between Lancaster Lodge and here."

"People accustomed to a landau must find walking a trial."

"Where's Jenny?"

"Making an object of herself in the garden, I suppose," replies Marion, flinging herself down upon the sofa and resuming her novel.

"I'll go and have a chat with her. She's pleasanter company than you are, at any rate."

"I dare say," says Marion, contemptuously, with her back to her sister. "Some people don't like home truths."

Sibyl goes into the garden, not displeased at being on bad terms with Marion. Jenny is the person she has come to see, and it is vital to her to see Jenny alone.

The long old-fashioned garden is a land flowing with milk and honey in this blazing July weather. Gooseberry bushes drooping under their heavy load—smooth gooseberries and hairy gooseberries, green, red, and yellow gooseberries; currants red, white, and black. The hoary old bushes grow such fruit as you could rarely find in your orderly modern garden. This midsummer is Jane Faunthorpe's saturnalia. She spends the long warm afternoons in a dwarf forest of prickly shrubs, tears her frocks to absolute ribbons, neglects her stockings, lets her long tails of brown hair go loose and ragged as a beggar girl's, and, in her sister's words, makes an object of herself. The fruit she eats all day, the lettuces and other green stuffs she consumes at supper-time, would lay an ordinary mortal low under the deadly grip of cholera, but Jenny is none the worse for her intemperance, and rises with renewed vigor every morning to run riot among the gooseberry bushes. The school she is supposed to attend daily has suspended its labors for the summer vacation, and Jenny runs wild. Dr. Faunthorpe remonstrates occasionally on the subject of his youngest niece's unkempt and down-at-heel condition, and remarks, plaintively, that she is not exactly a credit to him or to her sisters. But Marion flings the burden of blame on Jane. She is quite incorrigible. It is utterly useless to attempt improvement.

"If I were to work my fingers to the bone today, she'd be just as ragged to-morrow," argues Marion.

"But, my love, there are rents, absolute rents, in her frock which might surely be sewn up with very little labor," pleads the mild little doctor.

"Then let her sew them up herself," exclaims Marion; "she's old enough. I sha'n't encourage her to be a tear-coat by doing all her mending."

The old servant and factotum, Hester, girds at both, Jenny for sluttishness, Marion for her fine-ladyism.

"You can pore your eyes out over a bit of trumpery to make yourself smart," she says to the elder damsel, "yet you won't thread a needle to make your sister tidy."

Thus Jenny is an element of discord in the house, and, conscious of this fact, confines herself but seldom within its walls. She rambles about the garden, or squats in dusty corners, or hides among the gooseberry bushes all day long. She has sundry members of the animal kingdom for her amusement, a blind jackdaw in a dilapidated old cage in the stable, caterpillars and green beetles in paper boxes or old pickle bottles, a pair of white mice, a hutch full of rabbits. With these companions she is perfectly happy.

Sibyl finds her youngest sister sitting on the ground in a spot where the gooseberries grow thickest, sunburned, disorderly, her plentiful brown hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, no collar, no cuffs, a dirty holland gown out at elbows and too short at the wrists, and two stout legs stretched straight before her in wrinkled stockings, two overgrown feet in clumsy boots making themselves ungracefully conspicuous. Jenny Faunthorpe is not a bad-looking girl, and may possibly develop eventually into a handsome woman, but in her present wild state she has not that air of refinement which Sibyl would like to see in her sister.

To-day, however, Sibyl is anxious to be on good terms with this young Bohemian.

"Well, child, burning yourself to a cinder, as usual," she begins, "and you might have such a nice complexion if you would only take care of it."

"I should never have *your* complexion," answers the reprobate child, without looking up; "I'm not made of tinted marble, like Mr. Somebody's colored Venus."

"Get up, you silly girl, and let me have a look at you."

"De—ah me!" cries Jenny. "So you know me to-day; you didn't seem to recognize me on the race-course last week in Uncle Robert's pony-chaise. You needn't have been so proud; we were carriage people just as much as you. A carriage is a carriage anyhow."

"There are some carriages that are a great deal more disgraceful than walking," exclaims Sibyl, forgetting the necessity of conciliating this outspoken child.

"Yes, carriages that people ride in through lick-spittling, and turning their backs on their truest benefactors," cries the incorrigible Jane. "If it hadn't been for Uncle Robert's goodness, we might have all died of starvation when we were tiny children. Uncle Trenchard did not think of us then, oh dear no! But Uncle Trenchard can leave us a lot of money, and Uncle Robert can't, so we court Uncle Trenchard. At least some of us do—not a hundred miles from this gooseberry bush."

"Well, Jenny, I came here this overpowering afternoon, through that baking town, on purpose to see you; but as you're not particularly civil, I may as well go back."

"No, you needn't," cries Jenny, springing up from the ground, and letting a shower of gooseberry skins fall from her lap. "I feel better tempered now that I've given you a piece of my mind; but when you see me again in a public place, Sib, don't you try to cut me, because it won't do. I'm not going to be cut by my own flesh and blood. I'll run and coax Hester to let us have tea in the arbor. You know that old vine in the corner? It doesn't grow grapes, but it grows lots of leaves; me and Tom Sprig have made an arbor, and trained that old vine over it."

"I should say Tom Sprig and I."

"Should you? I shouldn't. If I'm not more consequence than a boy that comes to litter the pony for eighteenpence a week, I don't know English grammar. Such an awfully jolly arbor, Sib! I'll run and see about tea."

There is a vision of legs whirling wildly down the garden walk, and Jane is gone to hold parley with honest old Hester, who stands at a wash-tub by the back kitchen window, the perspiration pouring down her toil-worn face. There are women in the world who bear all the burden of family cares without the sweets of kindred, and this faithful old servant is one of these. She has toiled and striven for Dr. Faunthorpe's nieces as if they were her own flesh and blood; has scolded and praised them, worked for them and thought for them, risen early and gone to bed late; and except that she is recognized in a general way as a good creature, too fond of using her tongue, she has not much reward of her labors in this sublunary sphere.

"Tea in the arbor!" cries her shrill voice, "and on a washing day! Who ever heard of such a thing? You're never happy unless you're giving trouble."

"But we must have tea somewhere, mustn't we, stupid? And what's the difference of our having it in the arbor, if I carry out the tray?"

"Yes, and smash half the cups and saucers."

"Oh dear yes; I'm always smashing things, ain't I? Who was it broke the pie-dish yesterday? Not me."

The damsel opens a cupboard, takes out loaf and butter dish, whisks a tea-tray from its shelf, and arranges cups and saucers, with a tremendous clatter, while the long-suffering Hester is wiping her shriveled hands. There is a good deal of squabbling, but the tray is laid between the disputants, the tea made, a plateful of bread-and-butter, and another plate of plain currant-cake cut, and Hester bears the tray off to the garden, Jenny following with the cake and bread-and-butter, radiant at her victory.

The arbor, in an angle of the crumbling red brick wall, is not altogether a bad place, after its fashion. An ancient fig-tree, which grows anyhow, and bears innumerable figs that never ripen, shields it on one side, the vine covers the other side, and trails over the top. Tom Sprig, the stable-boy, has exercised his mechanical genius in constructing a rude table and bench out of old packing cases; Jenny has painted bench and table a vivid green.

Here Hester places the tea-tray under protest, after a passing nod—not a very friendly salutation—to Sibyl.

"If you like earwigs in your teas you'll have 'em in plenty," she says, as she surveys the rustic banquet. "There's no accounting for tastes;" and with this remark returns to her wash-tub.

"I'll run and fetch Marion," says Jenny.

"Not just this minute, dear," says Sibyl, stopping her. "I want to have a few words with you alone."

For an instant or so Jenny apprehends a lecture, but as Sibyl winds her arm caressingly round her sister's waist, Jenny opines that she is wanted to share some agreeable confidence.

"You are going to tell me about *him*," she cries, eagerly. "Do, Sib. When is it to be?"

"Whom do you mean by *him*?"

"Sir Wilford Candonnel, of course. Any body could see that it was a case of smite."

"Jenny, what horrid language!"

"I mean to say that he was smitten. And he has called on you with Mrs. Stormont, too. That must mean something."

"Who told you that?"

"Hester knows a young woman that's house-maid at Mrs. Stormont's, and she tells us all that goes on above Bar. Oh, we're not quite cut off from the world of fashion, though we do live at the poor end of the town. When's it to be, Sib?"

They are walking slowly up and down the path by the old red wall, and the bed where clove carnations and cabbage-roses grow in wildest luxuriance.

"When is *what* to be, child?"

"Your wedding. When are you going to be Lady Candonnel? You'll let me be bride-maid, won't you, Sib? I'll try to be graceful. I'll take such pains with myself for a month beforehand, and I'm your own sister, you know. It stands to reason I ought to be bride-maid; I've just as good a right as Marion. When is it going to be, Sib?"

"Never!" cries Sibyl, turning upon her angrily; "and if you allow your tongue to run on in this ridiculous manner, I sha'n't come to see you any more."

"But you'd marry him if he asked you, sure to goodness!" exclaims Jane. "Sure to goodness" is a favorite ejaculation of Hester's.

"No, I should not, Jenny," and, in a gush of feeling, or remorse, or utter helplessness, Sibyl flings her arms round Jane Faunthorpe's neck, and sobs upon her shoulder.

"Sibyl, whatever *is* the matter?"

"I'll tell you presently. Oh, Jenny, I'm very miserable!"

"Miserable, with that lovely hat, and with all that Madeira work on your dress?"

"Yes, Jane. I want some one to help me, some one to pity me, and I would rather trust you than Marion."

"Trust me, then. You might trust me with high treason," cries Jenny, vehemently; her notions of history being for the most part derived from that agreeable source, Mr. Ainsworth's novels. "If I had my flesh torn off with red-hot pincers, or my feet screwed up in iron boots, I wouldn't tell. You'd get no Rye House Plot out of me."

"Yes, I think I can trust you, Jenny," says Sibyl, drying her tears. "You were always my favorite sister, you know."

"I didn't know it, though I remember you said so when I told you about that man."

"Yes, dear, I always loved you best."

"I'm very glad to hear it, Sib; and I shall be your bride-maid, sha'n't I, when you marry, and wear white muslin over white silk, a pink sash, and a wreath of pink daisies? That's *my* idea of a bride-maid's dress."

"I shall never have any bride-maids, Jenny."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

Renouf has communicated to the Society of Biblical Archæology the result of his study of the astronomical calendar which was discovered in 1829 by Champollion near Thebes, and which was supposed by him to present a table of the constellations and their influences for all the hours of each month in the year. This calendar, which has for fifty years formed the subject of numerous publications and speculations, is now interpreted in a very different manner by Renouf, who decides that it is a record of the position of the stars in the sky at certain times in the night. It is, in fact, a table of observations, and not of astronomical calculations. Once in the course of every fifteen nights the observer appears to have noted down at each successive hour the name of the particular star which was then actually upon the meridian. We do not know how he determined his meridian, what instrument he used, or by what contrivance he limited his observations, but he seems to have noted the passage of stars over seven different vertical lines. If the star were crossing the first line, beginning from the east, it was noted down as being "on the left shoulder;" if it were on the fourth line, which represented the meridian, it was put down as "in the middle;" if on the fifth line, it was observed as "on the right," and so on. The epoch at which these observations were made is estimated to have been within one century of the year B.C. 1500. Renouf is thus able to restore approximately the Egyptian names of a number of stars well known to us at the present time. Thus *Alpha Orionis* of modern astronomy corresponds with the Egyptian constellation known as the "Goose's Head;" the *Pleiades* were known to the Egyptians as "Chu;" *Coma Berenices* was called by them "The many stars," and so on.

The arrangement adopted in France for disseminating meteorological news consists essentially in placing a large placard in some public place, containing two specimen daily charts of the weather and some simple rules. At the foot of the placard are three blank spaces, intended for a chart of the preceding day, which arrives by post, and for the two forecasts, morning and evening, which are transmitted by telegraph daily. Delegates have been appointed to consider what steps should be taken toward sending weather predictions to the agricultural districts, for the protection of vineyards against frosts in the spring.

The *Geographical Magazine* takes the occasion of reviewing the third edition of Colonel Walker's map of Turkestan to give a statement of our knowledge of the progress of geography in Central Asia within the last two years.

The work of the mission to Kashgaria, under Sir Douglas Forsyth, is especially full of important results, among which are enumerated the correct fixing of the position of certain important towns by astronomical observations, and the survey of about three thousand miles of route lines. The longitude of Kashgar was established at 76° 6′ 47″ east of Greenwich.

Numerous changes of the previous geography in Central Asia also resulted from the labors of the Havildar employed on the great trigonometrical survey of the regions of the Oxus, with the aid of a Mollah, an assistant of the Havildar.

The third exploration, the materials of which are made use of in Colonel Walker's map, is that in Great Thibet, by the pandit who was connected with an expedition of Major Montgomerie.

According to a recent report of the director of the Royal Botanical Gardens at Kew, 700,000 persons visited that institution in the year 1874.

The formal opening of the Zoological Garden of Cincinnati took place on the 18th of September. This contains sixty-six acres, is very well arranged for its purposes, and will no doubt in time rival foreign establishments of a similar character. At present the Philadelphia Zoological Garden is perhaps better appointed, having had the advantage over that at Cincinnati of at least one year's start.

The great interest which attaches to records of the weather kept at the summits of isolated mountains, and the great value to meteorology of observations at such points, add additional force to the suggestion made by Mr. Verplanck Colvin in his recent report on the survey of the Adirondacks. According to him, the highest peak in this region, Mount Marcy, is 5403 feet above the sea. The mountain was first described by the eminent meteorologist William C. Redfield, who was one of the earliest explorers of this region, and the first to ascend to its summit, and whose labors seem to Mr. Colvin to demand the recognition which he has given them in attaching Mr. Redfield's name to one of the loftiest peaks in that vicinity.

In order to preserve a record of the temperature of the winter of 1873–74, a self-recording thermometer was left at the summit of Mount Marcy. Unfortunately the gales of the season appear to have destroyed the instrument, as we find no note of its indications. But Mr. Colvin is evidently quite right in stating that, in the interests of meteorology, and we may add of his own survey, he can not too strongly urge the erection by the State of New York of a small hut near the summit of the mountain to afford shelter from storms to scientific observers. The knowledge that such a protection exists will probably induce more tourists to visit the summit, and possibly be the first step toward the erection of a house to be occupied by a permanent corps of meteorological observers, as has been the case for five years past on Mount Washington.

Dr. Miklucho-Maclay has written to Dr. Dohrn, of the zoological station at Naples, in reference to a zoological station which he proposes to establish at the southernmost point of Asia, on "Selat-Tebran," in the strait which divides the island of Singapore from the Malay peninsula. This station is to be organized by Dr. Maclay for his own researches, but he has made provision for its being kept up perpetually in behalf of science. Owning the land on which it will stand, he has endowed it, so as to furnish the means of research to persons properly accredited, with the exception, however, that while the presence of women is discouraged, that of children is absolutely forbidden. The station will be only three or four hours from Singapore, in a quiet, healthy, peaceable neighborhood, and without any appreciable drawback to its other advantages.

Dr. Maclay has proposed, also, to the Society of Naturalists at Batavia to establish a similar station in the Moluccas, at Amboina or Ternate, and intends their erection in Australia, Calcutta, and in Chili. With the assistance of the Russian Society of Naturalists, he expects to plant a station himself on the Sea of Okhotsk, in the Pacific Ocean.

The final report of the Royal Commission on scientific instruction and the advancement of science, which has been engaged for a number of years past in investigating the question of high scientific education and the relations of science to the state, has just been published, being the eighth of the series. The conclusions to which it has attained are, in brief, as follows:

First. It finds that the assistance given by the state in Great Britain for the promotion of scientific research is inadequate, and that the concession or refusal of assistance does not take place on any definite principle.

Second. That more complete means are urgently required for scientific investigations in connection with certain government departments, and that physical as well as other laboratories and apparatus should be provided.

Third. Certain classes of phenomena, such as those relating to physical meteorology and terrestrial and astronomical physics, require observations of such a character that they can not be advantageously carried on otherwise than under the direction of the government. Institutions for the study of such phenomena should, therefore, be maintained by the government especially, and an observatory established devoted to astronomical physics, and an organization for the more complete observation of tidal phenomena, and for the reduction of observations.

Fourth. Aid should be extended to persons engaged in important physical and chemical investigations, as is now done to those connected with the government collections of natural history.

Fifth. While grants of money, merely covering actual outlays of expenses in certain investigations, have been made, it is quite proper that something more than this should be done under certain circumstances, especially where a competent individual engaged in some important research is unable to meet his own personal expenses.

Sixth. The grant of £1000 administered by the Royal Society has been of so much benefit as to warrant a considerable increase.

Seventh. A ministry of science and education should be created for the proper disposition of the funds for research, and the general supervision of scientific work as connected with the state or controlled by it.

Eighth. The services of such a ministry of science and education would be greatly furthered by being associated with a scientific council of the Royal Society, representatives of other important societies, and a number of persons nominated by the government.

These conclusions are unanimously indorsed by all the members of the commission, consisting of the Earl of Devonshire, Lord Lansdowne, Sir John Lubbock, and Messrs. James P. Kay-Shuttleworth, Bernard Samuelson, W. Sharpey, Thomas H. Huxley, C. G. Stokes, and Henry J. S. Smith.

The fourth annual meeting of the French Association for the Advancement of Science took place at Nantes in the end of August, closing on the 26th. The session was a satisfactory one, and very largely attended, and many important papers brought forward. The meeting for 1876 is to be held at Clermont Ferrand, and for 1877 at Havre.

The twelfth congress of the Italian Scientific Association was held at Palermo, beginning on the 29th of August.

Professor Tomlinson, in writing on the subject of the figures or marks left on the bodies of men or animals killed by strokes of lightning, states that very instructive tree-like figures may be produced on sheets of ground glass by passing over them the contents of a Leyden-jar. These figures, like those on the human subject, are not derived from any tree whatever, but represent the path of the lightning itself. This subject has been studied by numerous authors; among others, by Poey, who, in 1861, published a small volume, in which twenty-four illustrative cases are cited. He accounts for their formation as a photo-electric effect, in which the surface of the animal is the sensitive plate, the tree, etc., the object, and the lightning the force that impresses it. Among many remarkable cases that can be quoted was one that occurred at Zante, where the mast of a vessel was struck, and a sailor sleeping in a cot on the deck was killed. The number 44, in metal, was attached to the fixed rigging between the mast and the cot. On the left breast of the dead sailor was found the number 44 well formed, and perfectly identical with that on the rigging. Light was thrown upon these cases by Mr. Varley, who, noticing some specks on the metallic ball of the positive pole of a Holtz electric machine, tried to wipe them off with a silk handkerchief, but in vain. He then examined the negative pole, and discovered a minute speck corresponding to the spots on the positive pole. It was evident that lines of force existed between the two poles, by means of which, as it were, telegraphic communication was made from one to the other; and in explanation of the marks made on the human subject, it is stated that a lightning burn on the skin is produced whenever the object struck is electrically positive to the metallic object, the discharge itself being a negative one.

Among the articles exhibited at the International Maritime Exhibition at Paris was an arrangement for producing light under water, consisting of a platinum wire placed in a bottle, and ignited by electricity from a bichromate battery. It is said that experiments tried by this apparatus on the coast of France proved very satisfactory, attracting large numbers of fish, sardines especially.

A somewhat similar arrangement was proposed some years ago in the United States, and after the fish are brought near enough, a vortex of water is to be produced by a steam-pump, which, in spite of resistance, draws them into a trap, until this becomes entirely full. We have not learned whether any actual experiments were ever made with such an apparatus.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A certain colored deacon on occasion of missionary collections was wont to shut his eyes and sing, "Fly abroad, thou mighty Gospel," with such earnestness and unction that he would quite forget to see the plate as it came around. "Oh yes!" said the plate-bearer, "but just you give something to make it fly."

"I stand upon the soil of freedom!" cried a stump-orator. "No," exclaimed his shoe-maker; "you stand in a pair of boots that have never been paid for."

Medical Excellence.—An old Highlander rather fond of his toddy was ordered by his physician, during a temporary illness, not to exceed one ounce of spirits daily. The old gentleman was dubious about the amount, and asked his son, a school-boy, how much an ounce was. "Sixteen drams," was the reply. "Sixteen drams! What an excellent doctor!" exclaimed the Highlander. "Run and tell Donald M'Tavish and big John to come doon the nicht."

As two gentlemen were discussing the merits of a popular preacher, one of them remarked, "He always prays for the widows and orphans, but never says any thing about widowers." The other, an inveterate old bachelor, replied, "Perhaps it would be more appropriate to return thanks for them."

A Quaker Woman's Sermon.—"My dear friends, there are three things I very much wonder at. The first is, that children should be so foolish as to throw stones, clubs, and brickbats up into fruit trees to knock down fruit; if they would let it alone, it would fall itself. The second is, that men should be so foolish and even so wicked as to go to war and kill each other; if let alone, they would die themselves. And the third and last thing that I wonder at is that young men should be so unwise as to go after the young women; if they would stay at home, the young women would come after them."

A Scotchman being asked to say what he thought "real music," answered, "Real music! hoot mon, gin ye wad hear *reel* music, listen to the bagpipes!"

The young lady with "speaking eyes" has become quite hoarse in consequence of using them too much.

A milk-man was awoke by a wag in the night with the announcement that his best cow was choking. He forthwith jumped up to save the life of his animal, when, lo! he found a turnip stuck in the mouth of the pump.

The following is a true copy of a letter received by a village school-master: "Sur, as you are a man of noledge, I intend to inter my son in your skull."

"Please, Sir," said a little girl who was sweeping a crossing for a living, "you have given me a bad penny." "Never mind, little girl; you may keep it for your honesty."

Some robbers having broken into a gentleman's house, went to the bed of the servant and told him if he moved he was a dead man. "That's a falsehood," said he, "for if I move, I'm sure that I'm alive."

"As I was goin' over the bridge the other day," said a native of Erin, "I met Pat Hewins. 'Hewins,' says I, 'how are you?' 'Pretty well, thank you, Donnelly,' says he. 'Donnelly!' says I; 'that's not *my* name.' 'Faith, then, no more is mine Hewins.' So with that we looked at aich other agin, an' sure enough it was nayther of us."

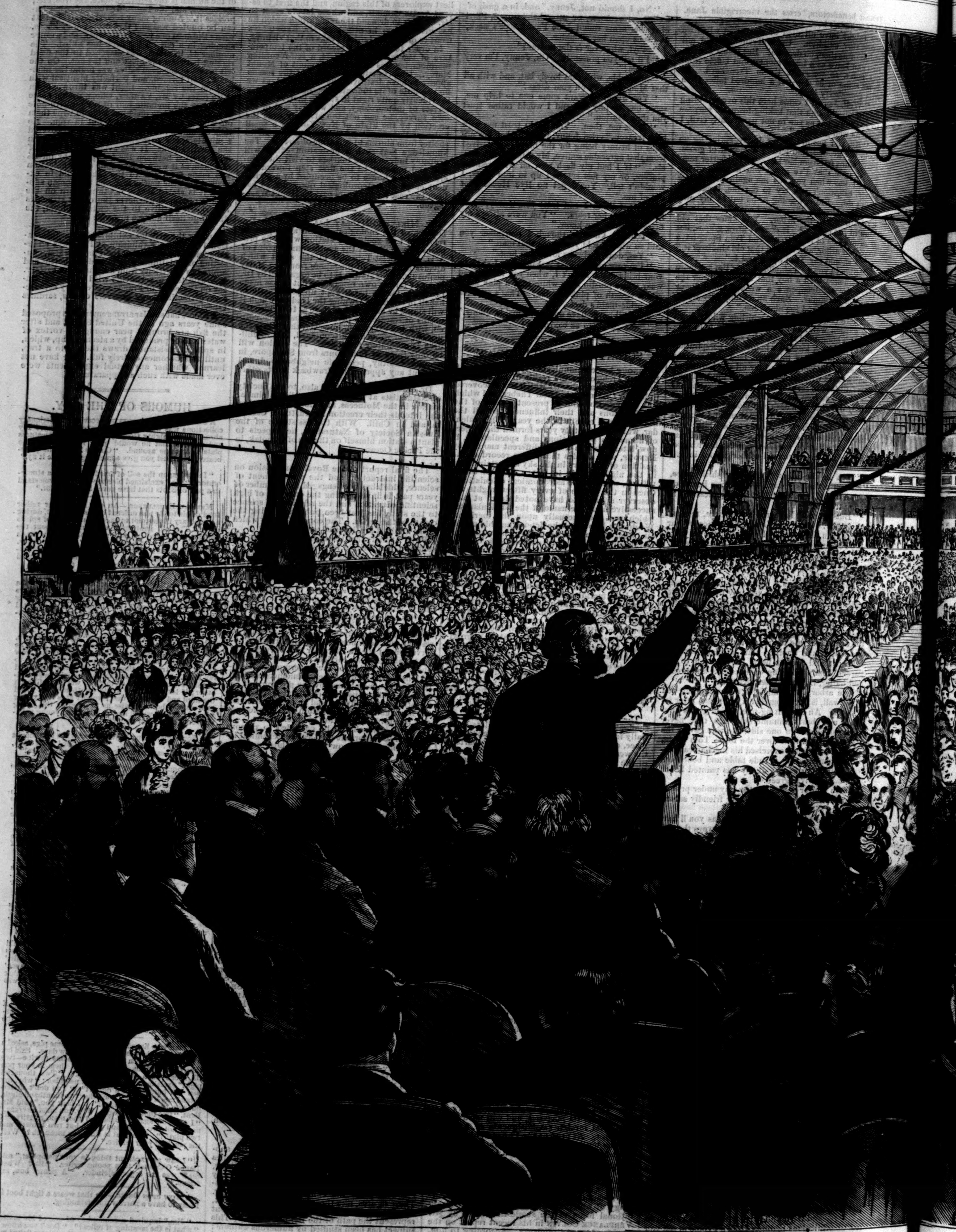
"Rose, my dear," said a mother to her daughter, "if you are so stiff and reserved, you will never get a husband." "Ma," retorted the young lady, "unless the poets tell fibs, a primrose is not without attractions."

A man who lisped having bought some pigs, asked a neighbor for the use of a pen for a few days. Said he, "I have jutht been purchathing thome thwine—two thowth and pigth. I want to put them in your pen till I can fix a plaith for them." "Two thousand pigs!" exclaimed the astonished neighbor; "why, my pen will hardly hold a dozen!" "You don't underthtand me, Mr. Bent. I don't thay two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and pigth!" "I hear you," said Mr. Bent, "two thousand pigs! Why, you must be crazy." "I tell you again," exclaimed the man, angrily, "I mean not two thouthand pigth, but two thowth and two pigth!" "Oh, that is what you mean, eh? Well, the pen is at your service."

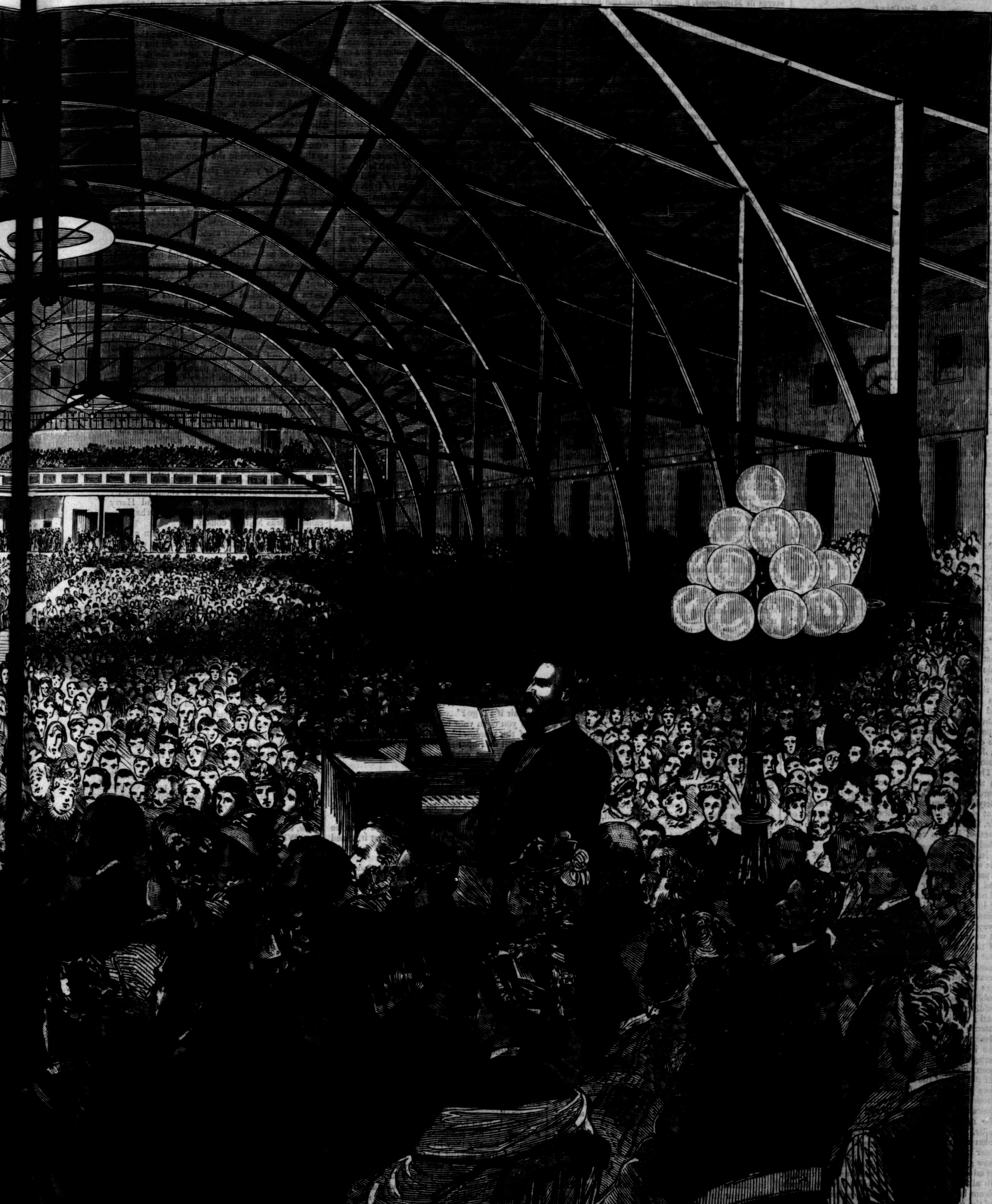
"I saw an excellent thing in your pamphlet," said Daniel O'Connell to a young writer. "Eh? What, Sir?" was the eager rejoinder. "A penny bun, my friend."

A Hint upon Dress.—He that wears a tight boot is likely to have a narrow understanding.

"Jim," inquired a school-boy of one of his mates, "what is the meaning of relics?" "Don't you know? Well, I can tell you. You know the master licked me in school yesterday?" "Yes." "Well, he wasn't satisfied with that, but kept me after school and licked me again. That is what I call a re-lick."



THE REVIVALISTS IN BROOKLYN—OPENING SERVICE OF ESSRS. M



ESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN THE RINK.—[See Page 906.]

RESPECT THE BURDEN.

An Incident.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

GREAT Garibaldi, through the streets one day
Passing triumphant, while admiring throngs,
With acclamations and exultant songs,
For the uncrownèd kingly man made way,
Met one poor knave, 'neath heavy burden bowed,
Indifferent to the hero and the crowd.

His zealous followers would have driven aside
The sorry creature, but that good man said,
Stretching a kind hand o'er the suffering head,
"Respect the burden." Then, majestic-eyed,
He paused, and passed on, no one saying him nay:
The heavy-laden also went his way.

Thou happy soul, who travelest like a king
Along the rose-strewn pathway of thy lot,
Respect the burden. Thou may'st see it, or not,
For one heart is to another a sealèd thing.
Laughter there is that hideth sobs or moans:
Firm footsteps can leave blood-prints on the stones.

Respect the burden, whatsoe'er it be:
Whether loud outcries vex the startled air,
Or in dumb agony of loss, despair
Lifts her still face, so like tranquillity;
Though each strained heart-string quivers, never shrinks:
"Let this cup pass from me!"—then, stoops and drinks.

O heavy burden! Why 'tis borne, and how,
None know save those who bear; and Him whose hand
Has laid it on the shoulder, and said, "Stand—
Stand upright. Take this chrism upon thy brow,
My own anointed. Sore thy load may be;
But know—beneath it thou art carrying Me."

NEW YORK, AND THE PAPAL DEFEAT IN OHIO.

THE result of the elections in Ohio, New Jersey, and the Western States may well instruct and encourage the Republicans of New York. In Ohio the papal party had won the ascendency, and openly boasted that they meant to hold it. The Democracy had yielded to all their demands, and Bishop PURCELL and the papal priests were resolved that none but Democrats should be elected to office in Cleveland and Cincinnati, and that ALLEN and CARY should carry the State by an unprecedented majority. In this way they hoped to gain a signal victory over knowledge and American principles in the heart of the Union; and having already driven the Protestant chaplains from the asylums and reformatories by the aid of Democratic politicians, might at last expel the Protestant teachers from the public schools. It is in vain to deny that the school question was the most important element in the Ohio election. The papal newspapers constantly assert that it was, and every Catholic priest and layman was engaged in a desperate contest for the political supremacy of his Church. Said the *Catholic Review*, of Toledo, "That the Catholic vote should be cast solely for the Democracy at the coming election is undoubtedly true; it is the only possible hope to break down the school system." The *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, grateful to the authors of the GEGHAN law, forced upon the Democracy the renomination of GEGHAN, and promised to ALLEN and CARY "the solid, unbroken Catholic vote." Every papal newspaper summoned devout Romanists to vote for the enemies of education; every Catholic church or Jesuit college became the rallying-point for Democratic clubs. The *Catholic Univers* said, "The Roman Catholic who votes the Republican ticket is like the wretch who commits self-murder." Said the *Catholic Telegraph*, "If that party [the Democratic] had refused to recognize that claim [of the Catholics] by the rejection of Mr. GEGHAN in convention, its defeat at the fall election in this county would have been overwhelming."

In this arrogant tone the papal faction ruled the servile Democratic politicians, and looked for a perfect triumph in the recent contest. And had the feeble or treacherous counsels of some of our New York Republicans been adopted in Ohio, says the Cincinnati *Times*, and the school question been laid aside, the priests would have swept the State by the aid of the Democracy. It would have been "a Bull Run rout, instead of the capture of Richmond," says the *Times*. But every Republican editor spoke the truth manfully; every day the conspiracy of the Democrats and the papacy against popular education was laid before the people; the danger of the public schools became the burden of almost every leading article in Cleveland, Toledo, and Cincinnati; the intellect of the State was roused to an intense interest and animation; and the Western Reserve, by its powerful interference, broke down the infamous coalition of papal priests and unscrupulous politicians. Cincinnati, which had been the centre of the papal power, has thrown off the rule of the Jesuits. The Germans nobly rose in defense of free education and honest money. In one instance the members of a Lutheran congregation gathered at their church in the morning, and proceeded in a body to the polls. Cleveland, where the school question had been most vigorously discussed, and which last year gave a Democratic majority of 2500, has now given more than 6000 majority to the cause of education. Toledo has been no less vigilant. In all the educated counties of Ohio the Republicans have made extraordinary gains; in several of the most uncultivated they have met with considerable losses. Yet the victory of knowledge has been won, and the courage of a resolute press has snatched Ohio from the grasp of the enemies of progress.

This must be the policy of the Republicans of New York. The people are plainly tired of their feeble politicians who refuse to condemn papal robberies in our Northern cities, and who would faintly excuse savage violence and barbarous murders at the South. The people are convinced that no humane man can palliate massacres in Mississippi, nor any honest one form a league with the thieves of Tammany Hall. A clearer sense of our duty is passing over us, and New Jersey, Ohio, and Nebraska show that the country is indignant at those Democratic politicians who have invited the interference of the foreign priests in our politics, and who hope to win elections at the North by the aid of the Papal Church, and at the South by a series of barbarous cruelties. All over the country knowledge and humanity are met in a fierce combat with European ignorance. All our future elections will bear witness to the singular contest. But the centre of the struggle must for many years be the city of New York. It is here that the Roman Catholic Democracy has shown all its most repulsive traits. Here it has abandoned all disguise, and proved by its acts what fatal designs it entertains against the safety of freedom or the prosperity of the city. It is difficult, indeed, to restrain the intense indignation excited among our citizens by the ceaseless robberies of these Roman Catholic politicians, by the infamous characters of our Democratic officials, and by the shameless effrontery of Tammany Hall. The chief of the Roman Catholic faction, who selects our city judges and appoints our officers, who rules the Democracy of the State, who is the chosen ally of Governor TILDEN and the associate of Messrs. KERNAN and O'CONOR, was pointedly charged by Mayor HAVEMEYER with dishonesty. The late Mayor accused KELLY of defrauding the city for a long series of years and in various offices. His proofs were given in the daily papers. KELLY denied the charges. The New York *Times* has renewed them with fresh minuteness.

JAMES WATSON, the *Times* relates, whose death-bed scene forms one of the most repulsive and terrible incidents in the history of the New York Ring, was KELLY'S intimate friend. He had defrauded his creditors, and was already a fugitive from justice, when KELLY, then sheriff, procured him a place in his office. WATSON soon rose to be one of the chiefs of the gang of robbers. He was made auditor, and passed upon KELLY'S charges as sheriff. From 1859 to 1870 they remained closely connected. WATSON, steeped in guilt, at last met with a fatal accident. When the members of the Ring knew that he was dying, fearful that he might reveal their common secret, they took possession of his house, forbade all access to him, and set one of their number to watch him night and day until he was no more. KELLY to the last was WATSON'S intimate associate. WATSON was the principal agent in enormous frauds. Of the men who guarded the dying felon, some hold important offices in the city government to-day, and some have been abandoned to the slow punishment of their crimes. But KELLY'S associates seem to have been hardly such as would recommend him to the confidence of Messrs. TILDEN and O'CONOR. Coroner CROKER is another of KELLY'S friends. On the last election-day, at the head of a band of the adherents of Tammany Hall, he paraded the streets, driving voters away from the polls. He was resisted. He attacked Mr. JAMES O'BRIEN, and in the struggle a man named M'KENNA, who threw himself before O'BRIEN, was shot, and as he died, it is alleged, named CROKER as his murderer. CROKER was arrested and taken before Coroner WOLTMAN. KELLY and other Roman Catholic Democrats appeared in the court-room, and, it is charged, aided WOLTMAN to set CROKER free. Since then CROKER has been tried for murder, and escaped by the disagreement of the jury. He still administers justice as coroner, is one of the active members of Tammany Hall, and aids his friend KELLY in ruling the Roman Catholic Democracy. It would seem almost useless to notice the infamous names on the Democratic State Committee, or to complain that New York should have fallen into the hands of such abandoned politicians.

These men are the chosen instruments of the papal priests. They have no support but the "Catholic vote." Misguided Irish Catholics and a smaller number of ultramontane Germans at the last election placed KELLY'S faction in power, and once more endangered education and stopped the progress of reform. Once more the papal leaders began to squander the resources of the impoverished city upon useless streets and boulevards, and filled public offices with rebels from Virginia, army officers of doubtful fame, or open traitors. If an Irish mob were to rise upon the city, as in 1863, it would not want for military leaders, although their capacity might well be questioned. But one pressing danger of the city under this Roman Catholic rule lies in its approach toward bankruptcy. An excessive taxation and a swift decline in the productive value of its real estate would alone suffice to excite fears of its solvency.

The net debt of the city, according to Comptroller GREEN'S statement, amounted, October 1, 1875, to $131,113,906 74. There were also of assessment bonds outstanding $21,904,700, making the whole debt more than $150,000,000. By existing legislation the various city commissions have authority to issue $6,500,000 of bonds annually. If Tammany Hall controls the Legislature, the amount may be increased indefinitely. Nearly $10,000,000 are required this year to pay the interest on the debt, the plain result of Roman Catholic frauds. But the projects laid out for the future, and the immense expenditures to be incurred by the Democratic commissions, must excite the alarm of every bond-holder and every citizen. What resources can supply the ceaseless demands of these Roman Catholic officials? What nation is so notoriously prodigal and incompetent in all financial affairs as the Irish? How long will New York escape final ruin under its KELLYS and CROKERS, and be able to avoid the last resort of repudiation? This is a question which every one who holds the city bonds should ask himself. It was the fatal facility of getting money on the credit of the city that enabled TWEED so long to laugh at the clamor of the citizens, to bribe Legislatures, voters, Republicans, to pay the cost of Democratic campaigns in Illinois and Indiana, and to enrich the Papal Church with regal liberality, to maintain a throng of Irish laborers and foreign priests. Under the present papal rule his system has been revived. There is no limit to the sums that may be added to the city debt by the Dock Commission, the ominous Department of Public Works, and all the successors of the former Ring. Our Roman Catholic Democrats have already wasted a hundred millions; if they succeed at the coming election, they may easily squander as much more. There are swarms of Irish laborers clamoring for employment which they will not go far to seek. There are throngs of Irish politicians waiting for office. But will the people continue to pay the taxes imposed by Democratic and Roman Catholic frauds? Can the credit of the city bear this constant rule of dishonesty and a plain abuse of power? Bankruptcy and repudiation are the necessary consequences of a system like that under which we live.

Ohio has thrown off the whole Roman Catholic ascendency. Cincinnati and Newark are free cities. It remains for the citizens of New York to rescue their schools and their money from the hands of the foreign faction. There is a plain majority in the city who know and lament all the disastrous rule of the Roman Catholic officials, who would save their city from impending moral and financial decay. With one bold stroke let them make New York honest, unsectarian, and free. EUGENE LAWRENCE.

MABEL'S RIVAL.

"HUSH up!"

"Can't do it, old fellow; any thing to oblige you but that. Must tell somebody, or I'll burst."

"Well, what about her?"

"What about her!—

> "'Why, man, she is mine own,
> And I as rich in having such a jewel
> As twenty seas, if all their sands were pearl,
> Their water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.'"

"O Lord!"

"Sorry you don't like Shakspeare.—

> 'And they no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy, and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage.'

And now, my sweetly sympathetic friend, you know all about it."

"What a fool you are, Harry!"

"I say, Joe, if there is any medal awarded for politeness at that university of yours, you'll be sure to get it. She's just the sweetest, dearest—"

"If there's any more of that to come, would you mind retiring to your own room?"

"Joe, you're a beast. You never saw such a darling little—"

"What will you take to clear out?"

"I don't know. Will you give me a lock of your hair if I'll go?"

"If you open your mouth again, I'll pitch you out of the window!" and Joe got up from his chair with an impatient jerk, and a look of positive annoyance came over his ugly but good-natured countenance.

"Don't be cross, Joe; I didn't mean to bother you, old fellow," said Harry, penitently. "I'll go now;" and the handsome boy picked himself up from the bed where he had been lying, and made his way down stairs to his own room.

Joe crossed over to the mantel-piece when he was gone, and leaning his elbow against it, gazed long and earnestly at the sweet face of a picture that hung there.

"Sweet little Mabel, should I have made such a fool of myself if you had loved me? What a weary world this is, my poor little girl! You are far away in the country, with your soft eyes dim with tears and your warm little heart worn with fretting for that handsome scamp I have just sent down stairs; and I, who know your tender little secret, and would have shielded you from all sorrow at the sacrifice of my own life, must sit still and listen to his raptures over another woman. By-the-way, who is she? All that row, and he never told me her name. Well, what matters it if she be called Smith or Jones or Montmorenci? you will suffer all the same, my gentle little darling, and I can not help you."

Joe turned moodily away, and sat down again at his desk, and drawing toward him a ponderous-looking volume, proceeded to immerse himself in the difficult mathematical problems that Harry's rapture had interrupted. But the chain of thought had been broken. Calculus seemed to have lost all power to engross his attention, and differentials and infinitesimals had suddenly grown as uninteresting and unimportant as they are small.

After half an hour he gave it up, and, lighting a cigar, let his thoughts wander whither they would. Finally they lit upon Harry. "I wonder if I was unkind to the boy to-night?" he asked himself. "I was busy, and he irritated me, and he did make such a fool of himself. Then all the time he was raving so absurdly, Mabel's eyes seemed to be looking down so sorrowfully. I suppose I imagined it, but it made me rude to him, and I fancy I managed to hurt his feelings. I think I'll go down to his room and see what he is about. After all, I am fond of the youngster, though he does make such a nuisance of himself."

Joe knocked twice at Harry's door, and then, receiving no answer, opened it and entered the room. The gas was burning dimly, and there were no signs of occupation. "Gone out, I suppose. Does the idiot leave all his letters open for the inspection of his landlady?" said Joe to himself, as he saw an open note and a photograph lying on the bureau. "Wonder if this is the fair object of his adoration?" and Joe turned up the gas, and proceeded to examine the imperial type. Suddenly he started, and the bushy eyebrows contracted fiercely above the deep-set eyes. With a steady, searching look he examined every feature of the expressive face before him, and then turned the picture about in search of a name. There it was, just as he had expected to find it, in the firm, flowing characters which he knew so perfectly well—"Sincerely yours, Alice Remson."

"Good God!" muttered Joe, "what does that woman know about sincerity?" Then he took up the note, written in the same hand.

"At home to you, dear Harry, to-night at seven.
With love, ALICE."

"Then that is where he has gone. Oh, Harry! Harry! God help you!"

Joe sat down on the side of the bed, and, brushing the falling hair back with his big, awkward hand, set himself steadily to work to find out where his duty lay.

"All of us!—Harry, Mabel, and me. Bah! I think the fiends exhausted their ingenuity when they invented the torment called loving. Poor boy! poor Harry! How can I tell him? how make the wretched story sound less horrible?" Joe looked at his watch. Harry could not reasonably be expected to return for two hours. He would probably remain as long as Miss Remson would permit him, thought Joe, bitterly; until the fascinating young lady wearied of his ardent devotion, and dismissed him with a yawn.

For the next hour Joe paced steadily up and down Harry's room, his heavy footfall sounding through the house with a dull monotonous regularity, and the longer he thought of the task before him, the greater became his dread of it. He dreaded to see the change come over Harry's bright face, the brilliant light fade from his happy eyes, and the rigid lines of suffering replace the laughing curves about his mouth. Poor Joe! his trouble was always about somebody else. He thought his own powerful limbs and clumsy features were adapted to labor and sorrow, but he would have liked to claim immunity from suffering for those he loved; and Harry held a very warm place in his heart, perhaps because he was Mabel's cousin.

Finally he scrawled a single line upon a card, and left it where Harry would see it when he entered the room.

"Come up to my room as soon as you return.
"JOE."

Then he went quietly up stairs to his own apartment, and unlocking a heavy desk that stood in one corner, took from it a bundle of letters tied carefully together with a small piece of black crape. Placing the package on the table within reach of his hand, he sat quietly down to wait. It was a bitter hour that he passed—sitting there waiting for the return of the boy to whose bright hopes and happiness he was preparing to deal such a deadly blow. Would Harry's friendship for him survive the revelation he was about to make, he asked himself, bitterly, and then an angry feeling rose up in his heart, that his should have been the hand selected to deal out such misery to his friend. Joe shivered when the clock struck twelve, and simultaneously with its solemn sound he heard the rattle of Harry's latch-key.

"It must come," he muttered below his breath, "and the sooner the better. If I put it off until to-morrow, it will be no easier to tell or to hear."

In a moment Harry's light step sounded on the stairs, and, flushed with health and happiness, he burst into the room.

"What's the row, Joe? Thought you didn't believe in burning the midnight oil? Surely your exciting researches into Newton and Leibnitz haven't kept you up till this hour? You ought to be dreaming about our landlady's muffins and all the dear delights of to-morrow's breakfast. Phew! I'm tired," and Harry resumed his old position on the bed.

"I was rather rude to you this evening, Harry, and I thought I'd like to tell you—"

"Oh, bosh! is that what's the matter? You dear old boy, do you suppose I remembered it for a moment? I say, Joe, do you know, I think you the best fellow in the world; there never was any body quite so—quite so—I don't know what I want to say. When a feller is spooney on a girl, there's a million ways of telling her of it, but when it's another fellow, why—let's shake hands," and Harry rolled over and placed his hand in Joe's enormous paw.

"God bless you, Harry!"

"Why, what on earth *is* the matter? You're as solemn as if you were assisting at the funeral of all your friends and relatives in a bunch."

"Harry, is Alice Remson the girl of whom you were telling me to-night?"

"Of course she is. Sweet little Ally! There couldn't be two like her in the world. Why, you don't know her, do you?"

"I know of her."

"Then you must know that she's the sweetest, dearest little— O Lord! I forgot. I'm an awful bore, Joe; I know it."

"She is two years older than you are."

"Y-e-s."

"And a woman is older than a man at the same age. Alice Remson is twenty-five."

"Well? You don't intend to tell me that a woman is decrepit at twenty-five, do you?"

"Alice Remson was a belle in New York society before you had entered college."

"What of it?"

"I have a story to tell you to-night, Harry. Will you try and listen patiently, and not hate me when I have finished? Shake hands once more, will you? You may not be willing to when I have done," and Joe's strong hand inclosed Harry's more delicate one for a moment in its firm clasp. Harry was startled by the quivering, uncertain tone in Joe's voice and the gentle way in which he laid his hand back on the bed when he ceased holding it.

"Did you ever hear of Charley Howard?"

"Yes, I think so. The man who was found drowned in the bay, wasn't he? There was a great fuss about it in the papers. I was in the country then, you know."

"Yes. You were at home then with your mother and Mabel, but I was boarding here in the same room where I am now, and Charley Howard was on the floor above us. He was something like you, Harry, frank, open, and noble-hearted, generous and affectionate. Unlike you, he was poor, relying entirely upon his own exertions for a living, and working hard as a clerk in the banking house of Huntley & Co., in Broad Street. Wherever Charley went he was a favorite. His unusual beauty and winning manners seemed to charm every one with whom he associated. I have known a great many men in a long course of university life, but I have never seen a handsomer or nobler-looking young fellow than Charley Howard. His bright laughing eyes were of a soft brown color, matching the hair that curled over his low broad forehead, his mouth was as softly curved and gentle in its expression as that of a woman, but redeemed from all suspicion of effeminacy by the long thick mustaches that shaded it. He was tall and well-proportioned, graceful in build, though not possessing much appearance of muscular strength. Charley was very fine-looking, although he always gave an impression of elegance rather than power, and his face showed a quick intelligence, but not a strong intellect. Poor fellow! had he been endowed with less beauty and more mental force, he had not ended so miserably. I have told you that he was a great favorite in society. It was during the second year that I knew him—we had been living here together for about eighteen months—that he came into my room one night about nine o'clock in evening dress, and told me that he was going to a large party at the house of Mr. Huntley, his employer. It was there that he met for the first time Alice Remson."

"Who?" said Harry, in a sharp, constrained tone. He began to see where Joe's story was tending, and a hot, bitter feeling of hatred toward his friend surged up in his heart.

"Forgive me, Harry. I would spare you the horrid story if I could. It is as hard for me to tell as for you to hear. It is only the hope that the present pain I am inflicting may save you years of future suffering that enables me to go on;" and Joe's voice trembled as he spoke.

"He met her for the first time at Mr. Huntley's; but after that, as the winter went on, not a week passed that he did not spend one or more evenings at her side. At balls, parties, or receptions Charley was her constant attendant; he was her escort at the opera; he walked with her in the mornings, and later in the day rode with her in the Park. Their names were always coupled together in the current gossip of drawing-rooms, and people would pause to admire the handsome couple as they passed them on the street or avenue. Charley's attention was in a great measure drawn away from his business; his salary was exhausted with opera and concert tickets, carriage hire, and hot-house flowers; and his devotion to Alice Remson absorbed his time and attention to the exclusion of every other thought or interest. All other admirers fell away from Alice's train to devote themselves to some one less preoccupied, and society began to look upon them as belonging to each other, although no engagement was ever announced."

Harry's face was turned away from Joe, but the latter saw a slight shiver convulse the boy's frame, while one hand was tightly clinched in the pillow under his head.

"One night Charley came home, and passing my room on his way to his own, stopped for a moment. I missed the usual buoyancy from his quick, elastic step, and the pleasant whistle that nearly always announced his coming. Looking up at him, I saw a sad, troubled look in his handsome eyes, and struck by the change in his manner, asked him what was the matter. It was something so unusual to see him any thing but cheerful and happy.

"'I don't quite know, Joe,' he answered, in the low sweet voice that was one of his greatest attractions. 'Ally promised to be at home to-night, and when I went to her house she had gone out—"with a gentleman," I was told.'

"'Is that an engagement, Charley?' I asked.

"'I suppose I may tell you, Joe,' he replied; 'but the little lady will not have it announced publicly.'

"'Why not?' I asked him.

"'I don't know. You—you don't think she can mean to break her promise, do you, Joe?' he asked, in a troubled, hesitating tone. 'She hasn't seemed quite the same lately.' And a heavy sigh broke from his lips, and there was a slight evidence of tears in the depths of his soft brown eyes.

"That was the beginning of the end. From that night a change came over Charley. The brilliant light in his eyes faded away, the sound of his footfall grew heavy and weary as he dragged himself hopelessly about, and his merry whistle never woke the echoes in the old boarding-house again. Alice Remson's falsehood and treachery had broken his heart, and a few weeks afterward cost him his life."

"It is false—as false as hell!" With a sudden bound Harry sprang from the bed, his eyes glowing with the fury of a maniac. With a sudden jerk he seized Joe by the shoulder, and, dragging him to his feet, threw him forcibly back against the wall with a resistless strength born of the madness of passion that ingulfed his soul. "How dare you tell me such a wild, false, wicked lie? Do you stand there with such a vile, base falsehood on your lips and think that I shall not kill you?"

Joe warded off the fierce blow that would have fallen on his head with his left arm, and, exerting the full strength of his heavy muscular frame, pinioned Harry's arms to his side, and lifted him back to the bed, where he held him by the force of one powerful hand.

"Are you mad, Harry, that you would strike your best friend? Control yourself instantly;" and Joe's stern gaze looked into Harry's passionate eyes with a calm, determined force that would have subdued a nature even more violent than poor Harry's.

The boy winced under the severe glance bent upon him, and twisting himself away from the resolute grasp that held him, buried his face among the pillows, while a deep groan came from his lips.

"Harry," said Joe, while the tears gathered in his eyes, and his voice quivered at the sight of the poor boy's suffering, "here is a package of letters, the evidence I have to offer you of the truth of the sad story I have told you to-night. Among the first you will find Alice's confession of love for Charley, her sweet expressions of devotion and affection for the man she afterward ruined; then the cruel letter that blighted his hope and destroyed his ambition. Next a few cold business-like lines from Mr. Huntley, informing him that his services are no longer of value to his employers, and regretting the necessity of discharging him. Last of all, a few disjointed words in Charley's own handwriting, in which he announces his intention of self-destruction, and begs me to break the story of his death gently to his mother, and shield his memory, if possible, from the obloquy that attaches itself to the name of a suicide. Then, Harry, here is a newspaper. In one column you will find a paragraph headed 'Fatal Accident—Found Drowned,' and a description of how poor Charley's body was discovered when the waters gave up their dead, and all that remained of the beautiful form and gentle soul that so many had known and loved was a mass of blackened and swollen corruption, cast by the waves on the harsh stones of Staten Island beach. In another column you will see a description of Miss Remson's elegant toilet as she appeared that evening at the grand charity ball at the Academy of Music."

Joe might have spared him this last pang. He had done his work thoroughly. He had torn the veil of romance and purity away from Alice Remson's life and character, and exposed her to Harry's gaze as a woman guilty of the crime of driving a weak and gentle soul to destruction by her heartlessness and perfidy.

When Joe ceased speaking Harry lay for a few minutes motionless. His fierce passion had subsided, and with a noble effort he rallied his powers of endurance and self-control, to enable him to face in a manner becoming a man the misfortune that had fallen upon his life. Then he raised himself from the bed in a weary, laborious manner, like an old man. He took the package of letters from the table, and shuddered as his fingers came in contact with the black band that held them together; his brow contracted with a sudden spasm of pain as he saw the name "Charles Howard, Esq.," traced in the same delicate characters that had so often written his own. When he spoke, his voice had a harsh and unfamiliar sound.

"I will take these, Joe, and read them." Then he turned, and with a feeble, uncertain step made his way toward the door. But before he reached it his eyes caught the uneasy, anxious look with which Joe regarded him, and turning back, he laid one hand on his friend's shoulder, and leaning his head upon it, said, in a broken, faltering voice:

"Don't worry, Joe. You couldn't help it. I will be all right in the morning."

Joe's grasp tightened on Harry's arm as if to detain him, but the boy pushed his hand gently aside.

"No; I am better alone. Let me go now."

Then he went slowly down stairs, and the door of his room closed tightly, shutting him in—all alone with his sorrow. But Joe's door remained open all night, while the wakeful ears of the faithful friend listened anxiously during the long hours for any sound that might reach him from the room below.

When morning came, Harry was the first to appear. However severe the struggle, it was ended; however fierce the battle, it was won. There was a sterner look about his brow, the frolicsome laugh was silenced forever; but there was a calm steady light in the blue eyes, and a quiet manliness in his bearing that had never been there before.

The eager words of sympathy with which Joe was prepared to greet him died before they were spoken, and Harry was the first to break the silence.

"I could not write her, Joe," he said, passing his hand quickly across his forehead. "I have inclosed the letters I have received from her, together with the last one she wrote Charles Howard. She will receive them this morning. I think she will understand what they mean. One question, Joe, and we will never recur to the subject again. Who paid Charles Howard's debts of which he speaks in his letter to you?"

Joe made no reply.

"Who takes care of the widowed mother he left? Where is she?"

"In Connecticut."

"Who takes care of her?"

"She is under the impression that Charley left some money behind him, of which she receives the interest."

"Through you?"

Again Joe made no reply.

If Joe had looked at Harry that moment, he would have seen in the glance of the younger man, as it rested on his clumsy frame and uncouth features, an expression of admiration that amounted almost to reverence.

"And out of your meagre salary as a tutor at the college you have for years supported that poor old woman. Joe," said Harry, relapsing for a moment into his old boyish simplicity of manner, "what makes you so good?"

With a far-off, earnest look in his homely eyes the older man replied:

"I am, as you know, Harry, no religionist; I have no creed, I never attend church. But hundreds of years ago there wandered about on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea a Jewish carpenter's son, and the words that fell from His lips possessed such a wonderful power and sweetness that the people who listened to Him said He was divine. Once, in addressing His disciples as they assisted Him in His efforts to succor the sick and helpless, He said, 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me.' If there be another world beyond this, where we shall find each other again, I would like to meet and know *Him* there."

For a few minutes there was no other word spoken. Then Joe looked at Harry's sad features and weary frame as he rested against the mantel-piece, and looking up at the little face above them, said,

"Christmas is coming. Let us go and spend it with the mother and Mabel." And they did so. And Mabel cried bitterly when she heard Harry's story from Joe's lips, and the tears were half for Harry and half for herself.

Then the little girl set herself resolutely to work to coax back the old smiles to the stern and gloomy countenance. And she did it, too—did it so well that when the flowers bloomed in the following summer there was a wedding, and the bride was given away by a gigantic professor of mathematics, with unkempt hair and ponderous feet.

Joe's rough mustache scratched Mabel's sweet lips most ferociously when he said "good-by" to the little wife, and surrendered his darling forever into Harry's keeping.

Then, with a carpet-bag in one hand and a volume of Leibnitz under his other arm, he took his solitary way up to a little cottage among the hills of Connecticut, where a little old woman received him with loving arms, and kissed him and blessed him in the place of the son she had lost.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

NOVEMBER.

Monday,	1.—All-Saints.
Sunday,	7.—Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	14.—Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	21.—Twenty-sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	28.—First Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	30.—St. Andrew.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	5.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	12.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	19.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Tuesday,	21.—St. Thomas.
Saturday,	25.—Christmas.
Sunday,	26.—First Sunday after Christmas—St. Stephen.
Monday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Tuesday,	28.—Holy Innocents.

The Anglican Church Congress opened at Stoke-upon-Trent, with every promise of success, on the 5th of October. The Bishop of Lichfield presided. The Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States was represented by the Bishop of Tennessee and Dr. Potter, who were in attendance in response to the invitation given to the General Convention in 1874. The Scotch Church was represented by the Bishop of Edinburgh, the Canadian by the Bishop of Ontario, and the Australian by the Bishop of Melbourne. On the first day papers were read on "Woman's Work in the Church," and on the question, "What can the Church do to counteract Drunkenness?" The attendance at the opening was about 3000.

A very interesting assembly was the third International Conference of Women's Christian Associations, held in Pittsburg in October. Reports were presented from fifty-two associations. Papers were read on "Reformatory Work," "Our Daughters," and "Boarding Homes." One of the essayists summed up her view of woman's work in this compact statement: "To do all the good you can, in all the ways you can, at all the times you can, to all the people you can, with all the strength you can, as long as ever you can."

The General Conference of the Evangelical Association (Albright Methodists) began on October 14 in Philadelphia. The proceedings were partly in English and partly in German. Bishop Escher presided at the opening. The Committee on Missions reported that during the past four years $287,507 had been received for missions, and $254,282 expended. It was resolved to establish a mission in Japan. Among the questions likely to come before the Conference is the proposed change of the denominational name.

The annual meeting of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Church of Canada was held in Toronto October 13. The report presented the following statistics: missions, 383; missionaries, 392; communicants in missions, 30,070; day schools among the Indians, 31; receipts, $147,168; expenditures, $185,268; excess of expenditures, $38,100.

It is stated that Geghan, the reputed author of the Ohio law which bears his name, was defeated at the late election as a candidate for the Legislature. As illustrative of the feeling excited in the minds of the people by the Catholic schemes, the *Western United Presbyterian* publishes the following: "In Cleveland the members of a German Lutheran congregation met to the number of one hundred and fifty at the church on the morning of the election, and proceeded thence in a body to the polls, where they presented their votes against the Romish pretensions. In Franklin County, within whose bounds Columbus, the capital of the State, is located, many farmers who have not been to the polls for the last two or three years devoted the day of the election to the defense, as they believed it, of unsectarian schools."

The Presbyterian Synod of New York, at its recent session held in Poughkeepsie, adopted resolutions strongly condemning the act of the last Legislature which gives the Sisterhood of Gray Nuns authority to issue certificates to their graduates qualifying them to teach in the public schools of the State. A committee was appointed to endeavor to secure its repeal. The Synod of Albany also took action on the public-school question.

The Rev. Brooke Herford, of Manchester, England, has been invited to the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, as the successor of the Rev. Robert Laird Collier. The salary will be $8000. Mr. Herford has notified his congregation of his intention to accept the invitation, and his letter of resignation was to be considered at a meeting called for October 10. He has been well known in England in connection with a Free Church movement.

The latest enunciation of the relation of the Church to the world appears in the *Civilta Cattolica*, of Rome. Advising Catholics of their duty at this present time, it says, "The Church is God himself, who is master and ruler of mankind through a visible organism, and of this the head and mouth is the Roman Pontiff." If the Church is God, and the Pope is the head of the Church, then, *a fortiori*, the Pope is God. And this is the legitimate outcome of ultramontane doctrine.

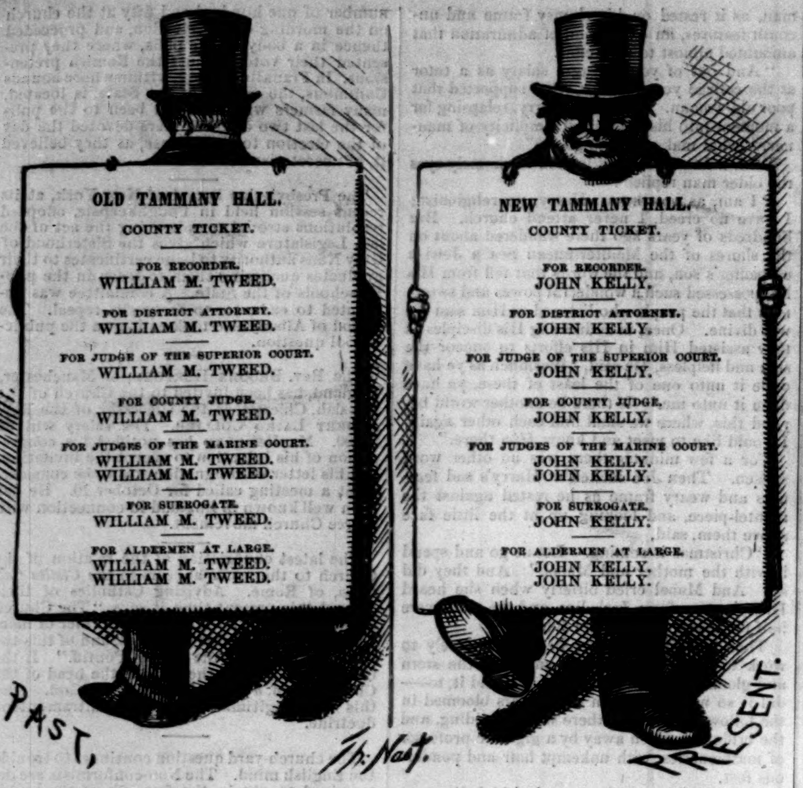
The church-yard question continues to trouble the English mind. The Non-conformists are determined to obtain the free use of the parish grave-yards for the burial of their dead; and by a free use they mean the privilege of having at such time their own burial services. The Bishop of Salisbury has issued a circular letter to his several deans, calling for an expression of their opinions on this difficult subject. He asks whether the present law shall be maintained, or whether some one of the plans of reform should, in their judgment, be adopted. Archdeacon Prest, of Durham, has delivered a charge, in which he says: "It is certain that the bill for permitting Non-conformists to hold a burial service in church-yards will be re-introduced. In my belief, it will be successful." And this is the opinion of the majority of intelligent observers of the progress of events in England.

The Union Memorial Church of Springfield, Massachusetts, is organized on an unsectarian basis, and invites Calvinists and Arminians, Baptists and Congregationalists, to its communion. At its tenth anniversary, held in October, a Conference of representatives of various denominations was called to consider the true grounds of Christian fellowship and kindred questions. The Conference adopted the following statement: "That all Christian churches should recognize each other as such, on the simple ground of their faith in Christ, and admit to their ordinances all who give evidence of their personal union with Him who is the head of the Church; and that such individuals and churches should have fellowship with one another at the Lord's table, in the interchange of pulpits, and by co-operation in religious work, and in every way in which love to Christ and to His disciples can express itself."

At the meeting of the Presbyterian Synod of Central Illinois, in Peoria, an overture to the next General Assembly was adopted asking a revision of the Directory for worship. It was especially requested (1) that some instructions be given with reference to the posture in public prayer; (2) that some progress may be made toward uniformity in the service of song; (3) that there may be full chapters given in the Directory with reference to the burial of the dead, the organizing of churches, the dedication of places of worship, the conduct of prayer and praise meetings, etc. This overture, which was carried by a large majority, is a step toward a liturgy. A collection of forms was prepared a year or more ago by Drs. Budington and Storrs for Congregational churches.

A very excellent plan for commemorating the centenary of American Independence has been adopted by the (Dutch) Reformed Church. A series of suitable discourses, numbering in all twenty-two, will be delivered by well-known ministers. They will all relate to the history and growth of the Reformed Church, and will be delivered during the first four months of the coming year.

The Baptists are holding during this season of the year their State associations. That of New York is announced for Saratoga October 27, 28. October 26 will be devoted to the Pastors' Conference. The Wisconsin Association met at La Crosse October 14. Over $3000 was reported as having been contributed during the year to State mission work. Only twelve of the Baptist churches in the State are without stated preaching. The Connecticut Convention met at Hartford October 19. The treasurer reported that $12,442 had been expended during the year in aid of feeble churches in the State. The whole number of Baptist churches in Connecticut is 129, of associations six, and of communicants 19,668. The East Tennessee Convention, by an almost unanimous vote, refused to dissolve its organization and unite with the Tennessee Convention, which is composed of associations in Middle and Western Tennessee. The Colored Baptist State Convention of Tennessee met at Shelbyville, and resolved to raise in the churches one dollar per member during the Centennial year as a gift to the Nashville Institute. The Columbus (Georgia) Association received colored Baptists appointed as correspondents by colored Baptist associations. The Texas Association, which adjourned October 4, resolved to devote its energies to the endowment of Baylor University. The Pennsylvania Association meets at Meadville.


OLD TAMMANY HALL.
COUNTY TICKET.
FOR RECORDER.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR COUNTY JUDGE.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR JUDGES OF THE MARINE COURT.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR SURROGATE.
WILLIAM M. TWEED.
FOR ALDERMEN AT LARGE.
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NEW TAMMANY HALL.
COUNTY TICKET.
FOR RECORDER.
JOHN KELLY.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
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FOR JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.
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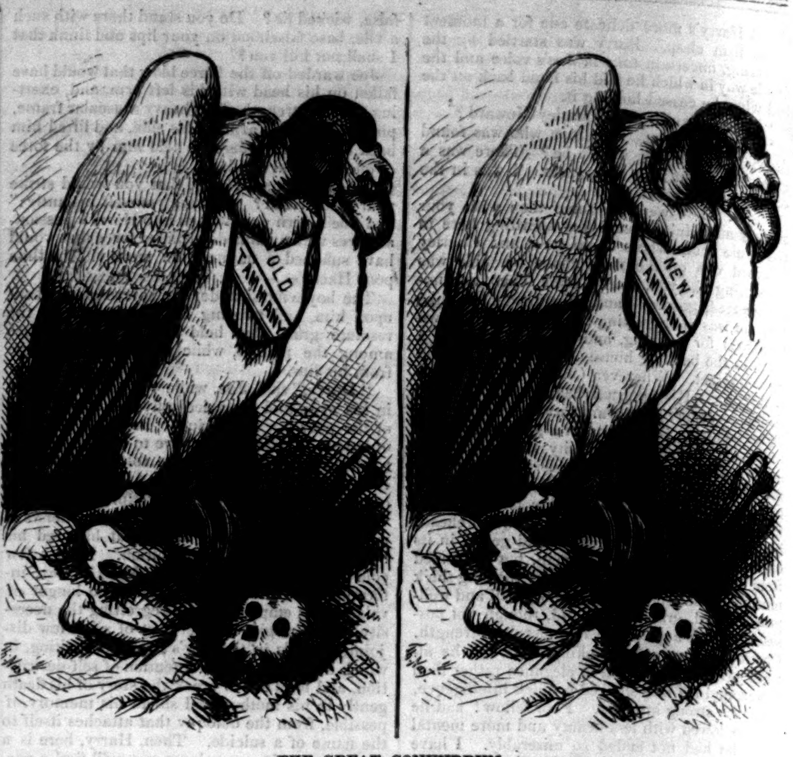
GOVERNOR TILDEN GRINS AND BEARS IT.


OLD TAMMANY
NEW TAMMANY

THE GREAT CONUNDRUM.

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO?

THE BLACK HILLS.

WHEN the region of the Black Hills was first explored, in the summer of 1874, by a military expedition under command of Major-General GEORGE A. CUSTER, glowing accounts were sent forth of fertile and well-watered valleys nestling between richly wooded hills, and of the wonderful richness of the gold deposits discovered in various parts of that hitherto unknown land. Although the Black Hills lay within the limits of the territory secured to the Indian tribes by solemn treaty with the United States government, preparations to take possession of this magnificent stretch of country were set on foot by adventurous parties in the West, and hundreds of enterprising men made their way there last spring and summer. Only a small proportion of them were experienced practical miners.

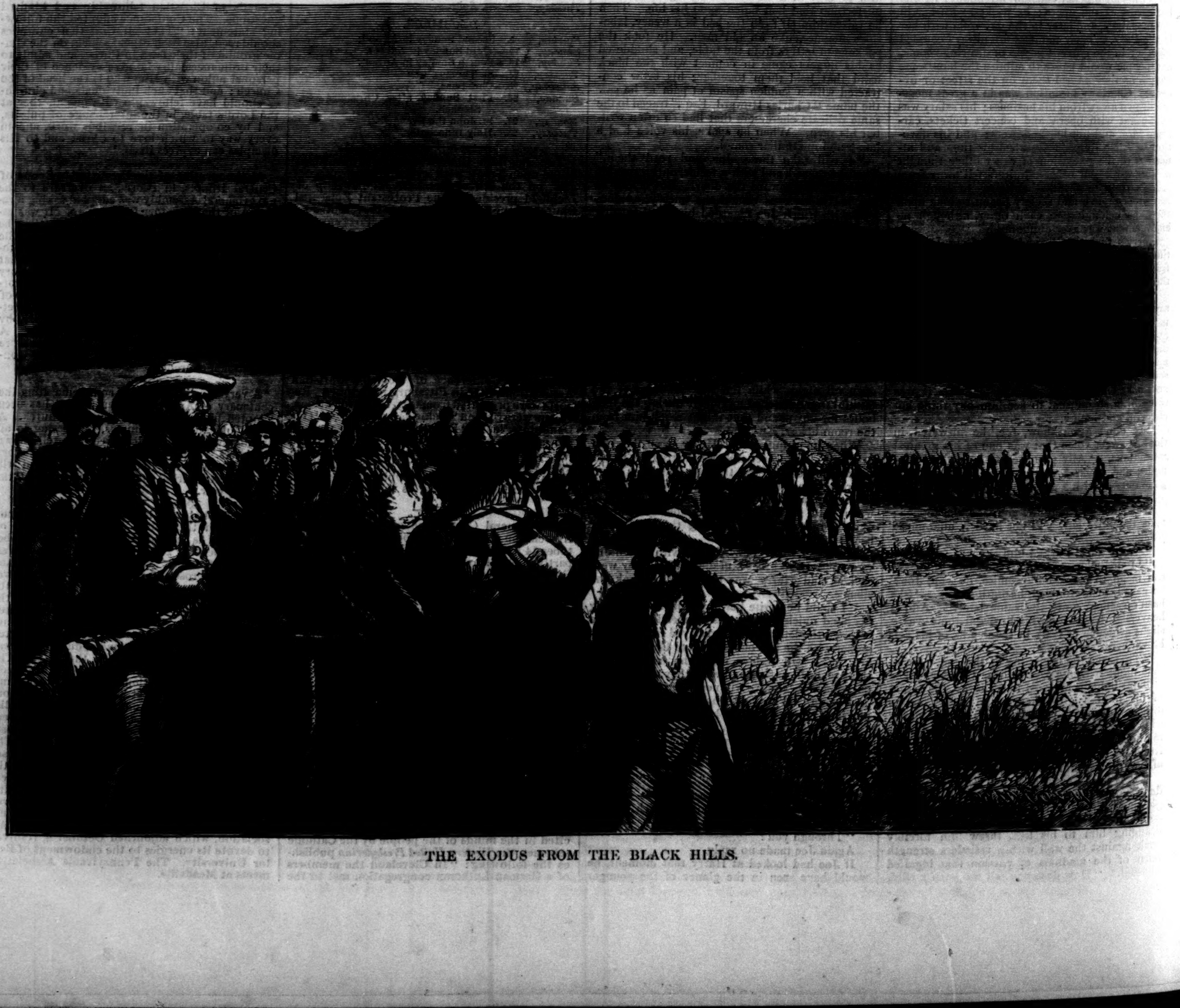
The natural result of all this was disappointment and suffering. Many parties faced starvation for weeks; and at length the discouraged miners began to return, considerably poorer than they went out. Professor JANNEY, who has made a geological survey of the Black Hills, reports gold in considerable quantities, but scientific methods are required to make mining pay.

EGYPTIAN CHARACTERS.

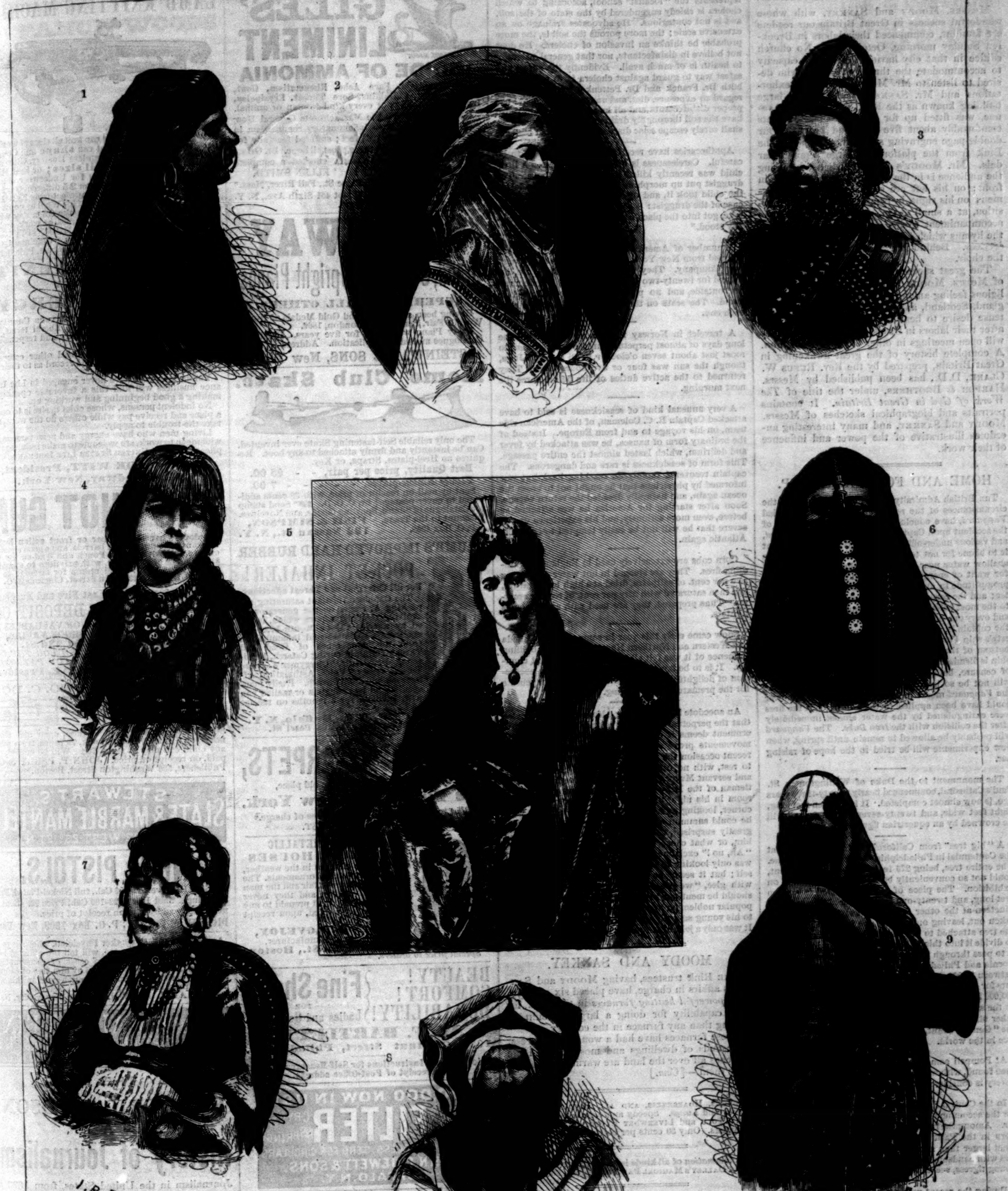
THE population of Egypt numbers about eight millions, and may be divided into two classes. The ruling order consists chiefly of immigrants or sojourners from Christian countries, European or American. They lead in commerce, banking, and manufactures. Whatever their own nationality may be, these foreigners are called Franks, and they retain, by virtue of treaties, called "concessions," between the Sultan and Christian states, their allegiance to their respective countries. They are not only exempt from the judicial authority of the Egyptian government, but also from taxation. Thus they constitute a governing class independent of the government itself.

The native class consists of mixed races. The most numerous are the Fellahs, or Arab cultivators, descendants of the ancient conquerors, who form more than four-fifths of the whole population. These are well-formed and active, though slender, and have fine teeth and sunken, sparkling eyes. The Copts are generally considered as the descendants of the ancient Egyptians, though it is said that the ancient sculptures and the skulls of the mummies have a greater resemblance to the heads and features of the Nubians than of the Copts. These latter are nearly of the same color with the mulattoes. They have small black eyes, high cheek-bones, short elevated noses, large mouths, thick lips, and half-woolly hair. Some of the females are fair and handsome, and they are generally distinguished for a graceful carriage. Besides these, there are in Egypt Jews, Syrians, Armenians, Turks, Albanians, Ethiopians, etc.

The modes of dress are as various as the classes of people, and the costumes of many nations give a lively appearance to the streets of Cairo. The usual dress has considerable resemblance to that of Turkey. A very small class, consisting of official persons, merchants, or "middle-men," wear a white Moorish turban, or red tarboosh, and dress quite tastefully in black cloth coats and white pantaloons, imported by wholesale from England. But the common people uniformly wear the heavy turban



THE EXODUS FROM THE BLACK HILLS.



1. A Nubian Girl. 2. Lady with Yashmak. 3. One of the "Faithful." 4. A Half-Caste. 5. In-door Costume. 6. Ordinary Egyptian Veil and Head-Dress. 7. Egyptian Head-Gear. 8. Rug Merchant. 9. An Out-door Costume.

TYPES OF EGYPTIAN CHARACTER.

and blue cotton blouse, with bare feet and legs. No one of any class, however, neglects to carry a camel's-wool cloak, butternut-colored, for his bed at night. The children, as in other tropical countries, wear little or nothing.

The people are so various that the customs are naturally different in different classes. The Arabs are cheerful and quiet, and have many good qualities. The Jews, who, together with the Copts, are generally merchants and officers of the customs, are notoriously filthy and avaricious. The Bedouins, or pastoral Arabs, are warlike and free, living by plunder as much as by industry. The modern Egyptians are so inert that they have hardly a national character. As in other Eastern countries, the European will remark various trifling customs totally at variance with those to which he has been accustomed. He will notice that the beard is worn and the head shaven; that the men wear petticoats and trowsers, and the women trowsers. Fingers supply the place of forks; a cushion is used instead of a chair; and a tray, instead of a table, is set upon the floor.

With the exception of the Copts, the general religion is the Mohammedan. This single race is Christian. Women, either Mohammedans or Copts, are never seen with men, either in town, country, or village. They appear only occasionally, and then in small groups; but on being approached they timidly hide themselves in their wide blue mantles, and retire to the road-side or into some dark corner. Beauty is considered according to weight, as in many Mohammedan countries. The Egyptian women, like the Turks, live in harems, which are, here as elsewhere, a sort of prison, where their sufferings from jealousy are consoled by the indulgence of their vanity. They are allowed the society of their own sex with far less restraint than is ordinarily supposed, and they display to visitors with great pride the wealth and ornaments that serve to lighten their chains. They go abroad occasionally, but always in a carriage, and look upon the busy world in the streets with veiled eyes. They attend their lord and master in his state progress from palace to palace in Egypt, from Cairo to Alexandria, and from Alexandria to Stamboul, but they go no farther, and never alone. They are continually under surveillance, never read, and, as far as possible, are required never to think. The Mohammedan law declares that the supreme object of their existence is to be married and to have children for the benefit of the state. To be unmarried, even to be widowed, is a reproach, and to die in either of those conditions is to forfeit happiness in a future life. But even though she fulfills her appointed duties and destiny in obedience to the law as well as she may, the Mohammedan woman has not, even in that case, the promise of association with the faithful in paradise. For them houris are appointed, an especial creation, more beautiful, more fascinating than women. For the faithful wife, however, there is reserved in paradise a condition which, while it is a seclusion from the other sex, is gay, glorious, and perfectly happy.

THE REVIVALISTS IN BROOKLYN.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey, with whose wonderful success in Great Britain our readers are familiar, commenced their labors in Brooklyn Sunday morning, October 24. No church edifice in that city having the seating capacity to accommodate the throng of people who desired to listen to Mr. Moody's powerful exhortations and Mr. Sankey's singing, the large building known as the Rink, on Clermont Avenue, was fitted up for this purpose. It seats comfortably about five thousand people. Our double-page engraving shows the interior of the Rink from the platform, a large semicircular dais. Mr. Moody's position when addressing the audience is in the centre of this platform, in front; on his left are seats for visiting clergymen; on his right, in front, is Mr. Sankey's position, at a small organ, on which he plays the accompaniment to his admirable rendering of the hymns which form a marked feature of these services. Behind Mr. Sankey are the seats for the choir.

The great success which attended the efforts of Messrs. Moody and Sankey to awaken religious feeling among all classes of people in England, Scotland, and Ireland has created an intense desire to hear them in this country, and after their labors in Brooklyn are concluded they will open meetings in other cities of the Union. A complete history of the great awakening in Great Britain, prepared by the Rev. Rufus W. Clark, D.D., has been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, under the title of *The Work of God in Great Britain.* It contains portraits and biographical sketches of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and many interesting anecdotes illustrative of the power and influence of their work.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The British Admiralty, after deliberating upon the circumstances of the recent sinking of the iron-clad *Vanguard*, have concluded to throw all the blame of the accident upon Captain Dawkins, of the *Vanguard*, and various under-officers. The navigating lieutenant is to blame for not telling his captain that there was shallow water near by; Commander Tandy is blamed for want of energy; the chief engineer, for want of promptitude in attempting to relieve the ship of water; and the carpenter, for not making suggestions as to the most efficient mode of stopping the leak. Each and every one of them is "severely reprimanded," and the captain is, in addition, "dismissed from her Majesty's ship *Vanguard*"—although, as the ship is at the bottom of the Channel, it would rather seem that the ship is dismissed from the captain. The whole amount of censure, being divided among so many, perhaps will not be so hard to bear. It is now believed that the *Vanguard* might have been saved if steam-power could have been applied to the pumps; but the fires were extinguished by the water almost immediately after the collision with the *Iron Duke*. The *Vanguard* will probably be allowed to remain until spring, when new experiments will be tried in the hope of raising her.

The monument to the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's Cathedral, commenced nearly twenty-three years ago, is now almost completed. It is thirteen feet long, eight feet wide, and twenty-seven feet high, and will be crowned by an equestrian figure.

A "big tree" from California is to be exhibited at the Centennial in Philadelphia—at least a piece of one. The entire tree, being 276 feet high before it was cut, could not so conveniently be transported or placed on exhibition. The piece of timber selected is sixteen feet long, and twenty-one in diameter at one end and nineteen at the other end. The heart of this will be taken out, leaving only about one foot of the body of the tree attached to the shell or bark. It is necessary to divide it into this number of parts in order to allow it to pass through the numerous tunnels between California and Philadelphia. The eight parts will weigh between 30,000 and 40,000 pounds, and will require two cars for transportation. The whole tree contains over 200,000 feet of lumber, besides about 200 cords of wood. In the same grove from which this tree was taken another still larger tree remains standing. It is named the "General Grant," and is considered to be the largest tree in the world.

At Pompeii some carbonized tablets of wood have been found, with written characters on them. The discovery is considered of great importance.

In the Central Park a new building is being erected for the accommodation of the animals during the winter. Among the future occupants are two little tigers, born in the Park a few weeks ago. They are somewhat larger than a full-grown cat, playful as kittens, and with handsome coats. The mother, a fine-looking young tigress, seems very proud of her babies.

During the recent volcanic eruptions in Iceland the dust and ashes were carried by the wind into Sweden, where they fell in dense clouds, thus announcing in advance the disasters that caused them. It is said that when Pompeii was destroyed, the ashes were conveyed across the Mediterranean, and fell upon the shores of Africa.

Professor James Law, of Cornell University, has applied for the skeleton of the trotting mare "American Girl," to be placed in the university museum as that of a typical trotting horse.

It would be creditable to the students of Harvard for the public to be able to believe that the majority of them scorn the low and vulgar practices connected with "hazing." If this is so, there will be little difficulty in soon putting a stop to them. Recent instances are reported of young "gentlemen," as they call themselves, committing outrages upon Freshmen which are sufficient to put the perpetrators outside the pale of decent society in college or out of it.

A French journal gives an account of the discussions now going on at Munich in regard to cholera. Dr. Franck lays down certain hygienic rules, such as are usually accepted by "contagionists." Cheerfulness and the avoidance of all fear and excitement, he says, will protect much against the disease. Warm clothing, wholesome diet, cleanliness, ventilation, and free use of disinfectants, he recommends. Dr. Pettenkofer represents the "localist" school, according to which cholera is chiefly engendered by the state of the soil, and is not contagious. He advocates drainage on an extensive scale; the more porous the soil is, the more probable he thinks an invasion of cholera. He does not believe in disinfectants, nor that general attention to health is of much avail. Evidently the surest and safest way to guard against cholera is to follow after both Dr. Franck and Dr. Pettenkofer: be careful in regard to exposure, diet, and unusual excitement; use proper disinfectants and all known precautions; also have the soil thoroughly drained. By these means we shall surely escape *some* diseases, if we do not cholera.

Apothecaries have received another warning to be careful. Carelessness is oftentimes a crime. A little child was recently killed in Burlington, Iowa. The druggist put up morphine instead of chloral hydrate; the child took it, and of course it proved fatal. Excuse of the druggist: "The morphine jar had, by mistake, got into the place where the chloral hydrate usually stood."

A number of American-built street cars have been shipped from New York for the St. Petersburg Tramway Company. They are of peculiar structure, arranged for twenty-two seats inside and the same number outside, and no passengers will be allowed to stand. The seats on the top are reached by stairs at each end.

A traveler in Norway informs us that during the long days of almost perpetual sun the hens all went to roost just about seven o'clock P.M. all through June, though the sun was four or five hours high. They returned to the active duties of life before three the next morning.

A very unusual kind of seasickness is said to have attacked Captain R. C. Coleman, of the American rifle team, on his voyage to and from Europe. Instead of the ordinary form of nausea, he was attacked by fever and delirium, which lasted almost the entire passage. This form of seasickness is rare and dangerous. The captain recovered rapidly on reaching land, but was informed by physicians that he ought not to cross the ocean again, and naturally dreaded the return voyage. Soon after starting for America he was attacked as before, even more seriously, and his experience was so severe that he will not be easily tempted to cross the Atlantic again.

Corn cobs are extensively used in England for kindling fires. They are steeped in hot water containing two per cent. of saltpetre, dried at a high temperature, and then saturated with fifty per cent. of resinous matter. Thus prepared, they are used with advantage as lighters.

Snow came early this year in some parts of Canada and Western and Northern New York, and the chilling influence of it was felt all through the adjacent country. It is to be hoped that we may yet have a succession of delightful Indian summer days to compensate for the premature frost-coming.

An anecdote is told of King Alfonso which indicates that the perpetual watch and restraint which the government deems it expedient to put upon the king's movements prove somewhat irksome to him. On a recent occasion the young king, being about to retire to rest, with no other attendant than his old friend and servant Murphy, now Conde de Morphi and Gentleman of the Bed-chamber, was fidgeting about the room in his night-dress, rummaging from corner to corner, looking under and behind the bedstead, as if he could summon no resolution to turn in. Morphi, greatly surprised, asked his royal master what ailed him, or what cause he had for alarm or uneasiness. "Ah, no!" exclaimed the king; "I am not afraid. I was only looking to see where Alcañices had hid himself; but it seems he is really gone; and," he added, with glee, "we are rid of him till to-morrow." It should be mentioned that Alcañices is a good-natured, popular nobleman, by no means personally obnoxious to his young sovereign, to whose cause he is devoted. It was only a joke of Alfonso's, but showed his feelings.

MOODY AND SANKEY.

The Rink trustees, having Moody and Sankey's affairs in charge, have placed six of *Boynton's powerful heating furnaces* in the Rink, for their capability for doing a larger amount of heating than any furnace in the country.

These furnaces have had a wonderful success. Thousands of dwellings and most of the large churches all over the land are warmed thoroughly by them.—[*Com.*]

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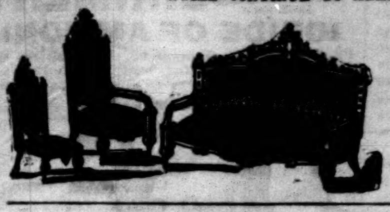

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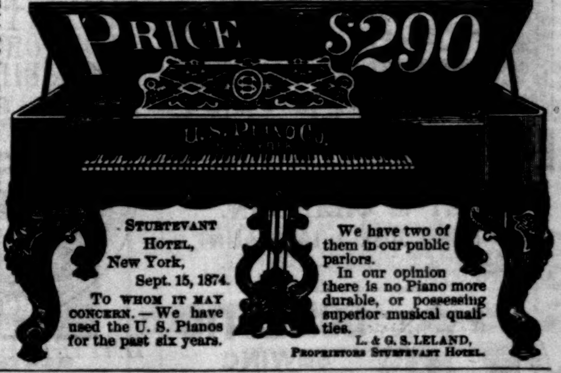

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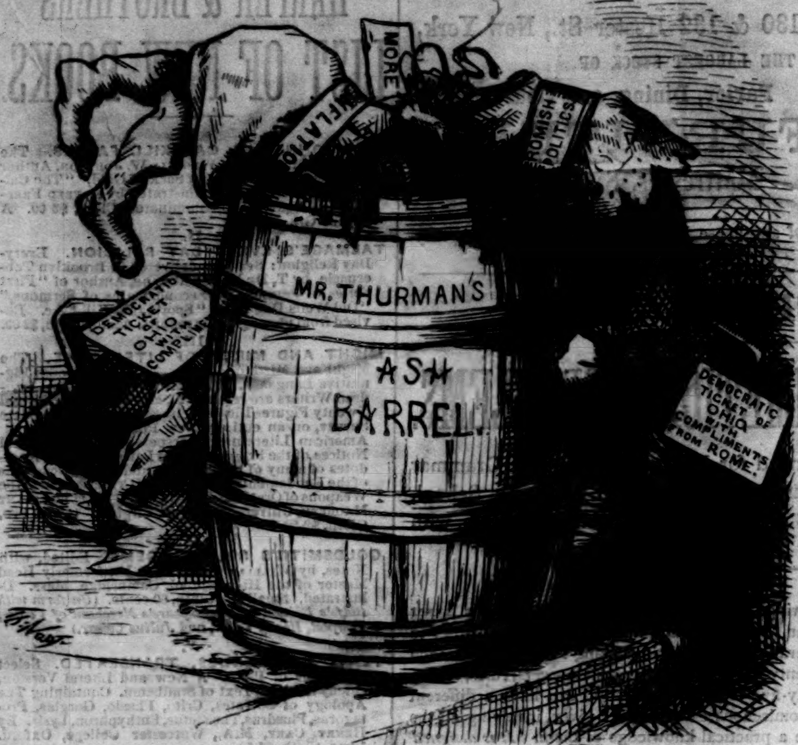
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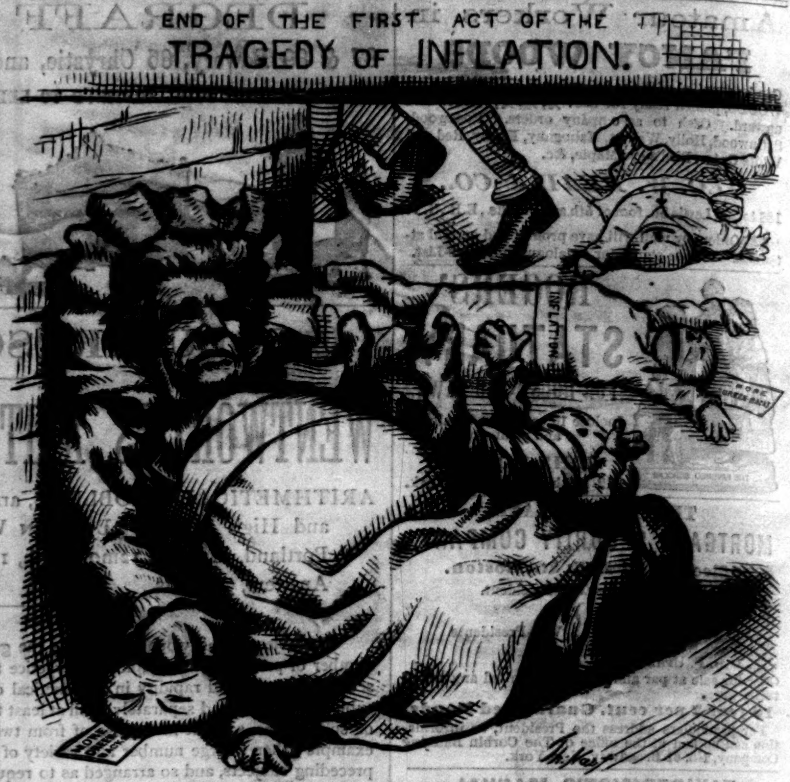

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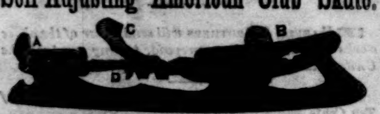

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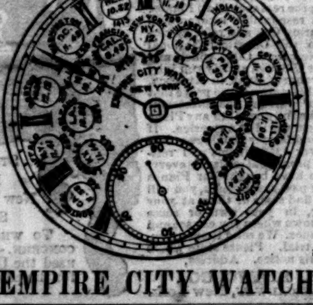

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CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY.

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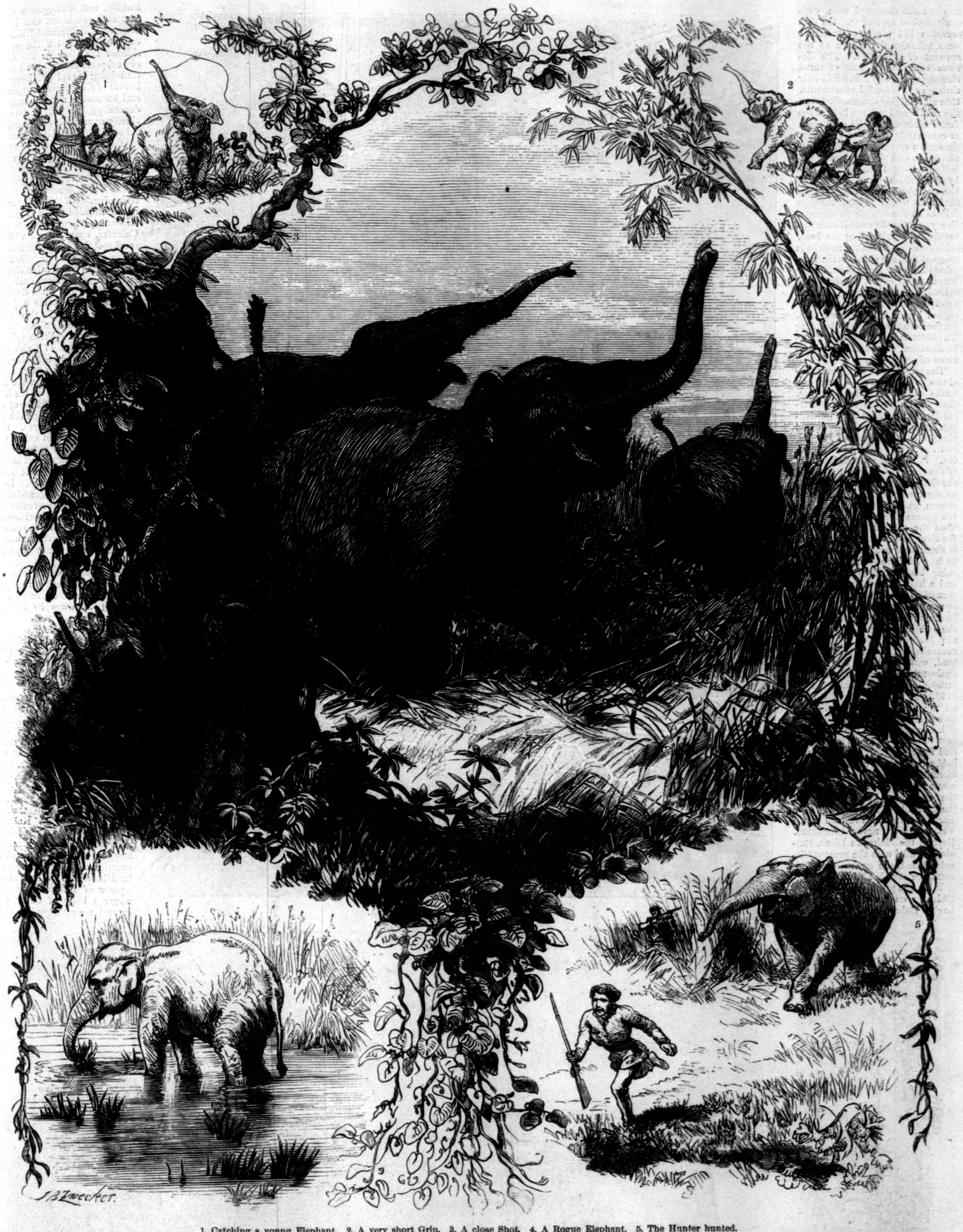


1. Catching a young Elephant. 2. A very short Grip. 3. A close Shot. 4. A Rogue Elephant. 5. The Hunter hunted.

ELEPHANT HUNTING IN CEYLON.

SKETCHES IN INDIA.

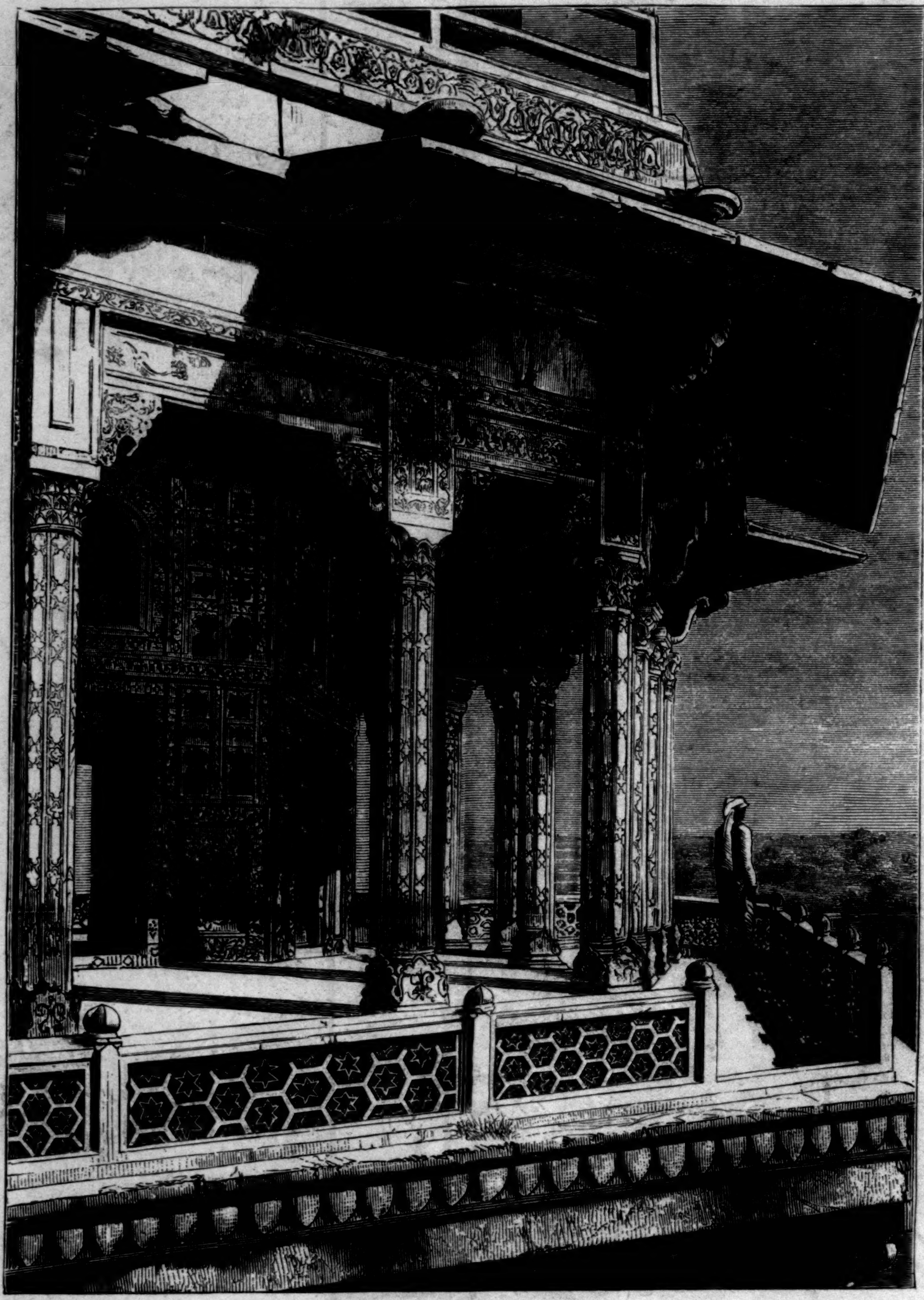
Apropos of the visit of the Prince of Wales to India, we give a series of interesting sketches of some of the noteworthy features of the countries through which he will pass. It is his intention to visit the beautiful and picturesque island of Ceylon, and being fond of sport, he will there take part in a grand elephant hunt. The forests and jungles of Ceylon abound with elephants, and hunting them constitutes one of the principal amusements of European visitors and settlers. In no other part of the world have elephants been so ruthlessly slaughtered for mere sport. One English officer, an indefatigable hunter, shot over four hundred of them within two years. So great was the annual destruction of these noble animals that the government was at length compelled to interfere, lest they should be exterminated, and place restrictions on the slaughtering propensities of English sportsmen.

It is perhaps due to the relentless manner in which they have been hunted that the wild elephants of Ceylon are of a more savage disposition than those of the main-land. The "rogue" elephant of that island is said to be the most vicious creature in existence. He has lost all the amiable qualities of his race, and being too ugly and disreputable to herd with other elephants, he leads a solitary life in the jungle, on the constant watch for opportunities to indulge his evil disposition. He will hide in ambush by the side of a jungle path, and charge upon the passer-by with a savage swiftness that makes escape extremely difficult. Almost every elephant hunter in Ceylon can relate many hair-breadth escapes from these outlaws of the herd. Sometimes, indeed, elephants that are not "rogues" will turn upon the hunter, and give him another view of the pleasures of the chase.

Young elephants are sometimes secured by the skillful use of the lasso; and, as shown in one of the above sketches, a very young elephant calf is captured by the tail. But the grip is very short and insecure.

On the following page will be found an engraving of the exterior of the Zenana at Agra—a superb building, where the imperial harem was lodged. It adjoins the palace of Shahjehan, within the large fortress constructed by Akbar in the latter part of the sixteenth century. This fortress is of an irregular form, but having for its general outline the sides of a scalene triangle, the base of which, about five furlongs in length, extends along the river. The southwestern side is slightly concave toward the interior, and is about three furlongs in length: the northwestern side is in like manner concave toward the interior, and is about two furlongs in length. The total circuit exceeds a mile. In 1803 this place was invested by the army of Lord Lake, and after some abortive attempts to negotiate, a battery of eight 18-pounders being completed, and together with two enfilading batteries, one of four 12-pounders, the other of four howitzers, was brought to bear on the southeast bastion, producing such terrible effects that in the course of a day the Mahratta force, amounting to between five and six thousand men, were compelled to capitulate. On that occasion 164 pieces of ordnance were taken, and treasure to the amount of £264,000. The Zenana comprises a suit of small chambers, directly accessible only through the imperial apartments. One more highly ornamented than the rest is said to have lodged the favorite consort of the sovereign. It commands a view of the river, through a screen-work of marble, pierced in one place by a cannon-ball, discharged during the siege by the British army. Many of the chambers were refreshed by fountains which played through orifices in the mosaic pavements. Every practicable contrivance was requisite for mitigating the heat, which during the sultry months is so great that the palace is then uninhabitable for Europeans. Here **SHAHJEHAN** ended his days in a splendid but vigilantly guarded captivity, to which he was consigned by his son **AURUNGZEBE**. In the court before this building **TAVERNIER** saw a bath forty feet in diameter, hollowed out of one mass of gray stone.

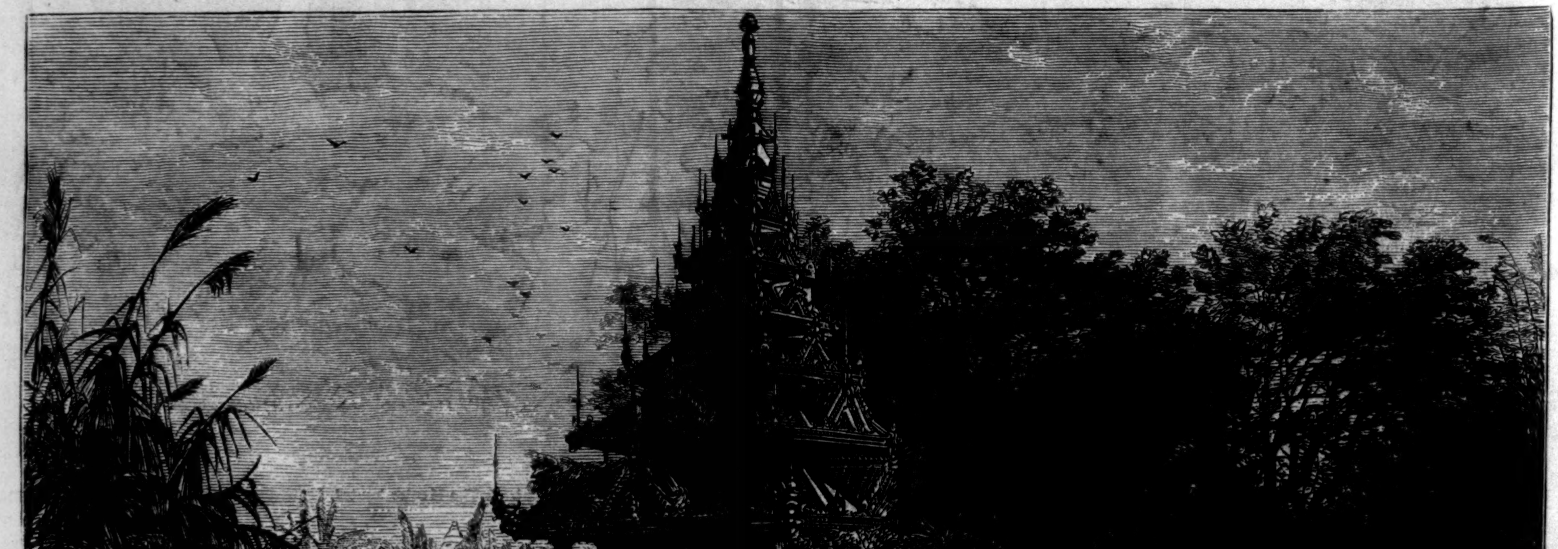
The public park at Calcutta incloses a labyrinth of luxuriant walks called the Eden Gardens, diversified with the most attractive features of landscape gardening. Calcutta is the principal place of the presidency of Bengal, and the metropolis of British India. It is situate on the left bank of the river Hooghly, a branch of the Ganges, regarded by Hindoos as the continuation of the sacred stream, and is distant by the river's course about a hundred miles from the sea. Its extent along the river-bank from north to south is about four miles and a half, and its breadth from thence to the Circular Road measures about a mile and a half, the entire site, which comprises an area of nearly eight square miles, being inclosed between the river and the line of the old intrenchment known as the Mahratta Ditch. This circumvallation, now almost obliterated, was intended as a defense against the incursions of the Mahrattas, and was commenced in 1742. It issued from the river on the north, and proceeding in an easterly course for the distance of half a mile, curved to the southeast, in which direction it was carried for about three miles and a half, when, taking a southwesterly direction, it was designed again to communicate with the river, and thus entirely to invest the city on the land side. The section of the ditch at the southwestern angle was, however, never completed. Beyond the Mahratta Ditch, running parallel with the present Circular Road, the environs of Calcutta are studded with numerous suburbs, the principal of which are Chitpore on the north, Nundenbagh, Bahar-Simlah, Sealdah, Entally, and Ballygunge on the east and southeast, and Bhowaneepore, Allipore, and Kidderpore on the south. On the opposite side of the river lie the villages of Seebpore, Howrah, and Sulkea, containing the salt-golahs or warehouses of the government, and several extensive manufactories, but depending for their prosperity chiefly upon their dock-yards and ship-building establishments.



EXTERIOR OF THE ZENANA, AGRA.

The approach to Calcutta by the river from the sea is marked by a series of elegant mansions at Garden Reach, surrounded by lawns which descend to the water's edge. Off this point anchorage is afforded to the magnificent steamers plying between Suez and Calcutta, by means of which the semi-monthly communication with Europe is carried on. A little to the north of Garden Reach are situate the government dock-yards; above these the canal designated Tolly's Nullah forms a junction with the river. To this succeeds the arsenal, and still higher up is Fort William. From this point the appearance of Calcutta becomes grand and imposing. **HEBER**, writing thirty years ago, describes the scene from the fort as striking, "Having on the left the Hooghly, with its forest of masts and sails seen through the stems of a double row of trees. On the right is the district called Chowringhee, lately a mere scattered suburb, but now almost as closely built as, and very little less extensive than, Calcutta. In front is the Esplanade, containing the Town-hall, the Government House, and many handsome private dwellings, the whole so like some parts of St. Petersburg that it was hardly possible to fancy myself any where else."

Amritsir, a walled city of the Punjab, is situated nearly halfway between the rivers Beas and Ravee. It owes its importance to a *Tulao*, or reservoir, which **RAM DAS**, the fourth *Guru*, or spiritual guide of the Sikhs, caused to be made here in 1581, and named Amrita Saras, or "fount of immortality." It thenceforward became a place of pilgrimage, and bore the names Amritsir and Ramdaspoor. Nearly two centuries after, **AHMED SHAH**, the founder of the Durani empire, alarmed and enraged at the progress of the Sikhs, blew up the shrine with gunpowder, filled up the holy Tulao, and causing kine to be slaughtered upon the site, thus desecrated the spot, which was drenched with their gore. On his return to Kabool, the Sikhs repaired the shrine and reservoir, and commenced the struggle which terminated in the overthrow of Mohammedan sway in Hindostan. The Tulao is a square of 150 paces, containing a great body of water, pure as crystal, notwithstanding the mul-



EDEN GARDENS, CALCUTTA.

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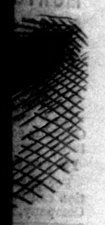

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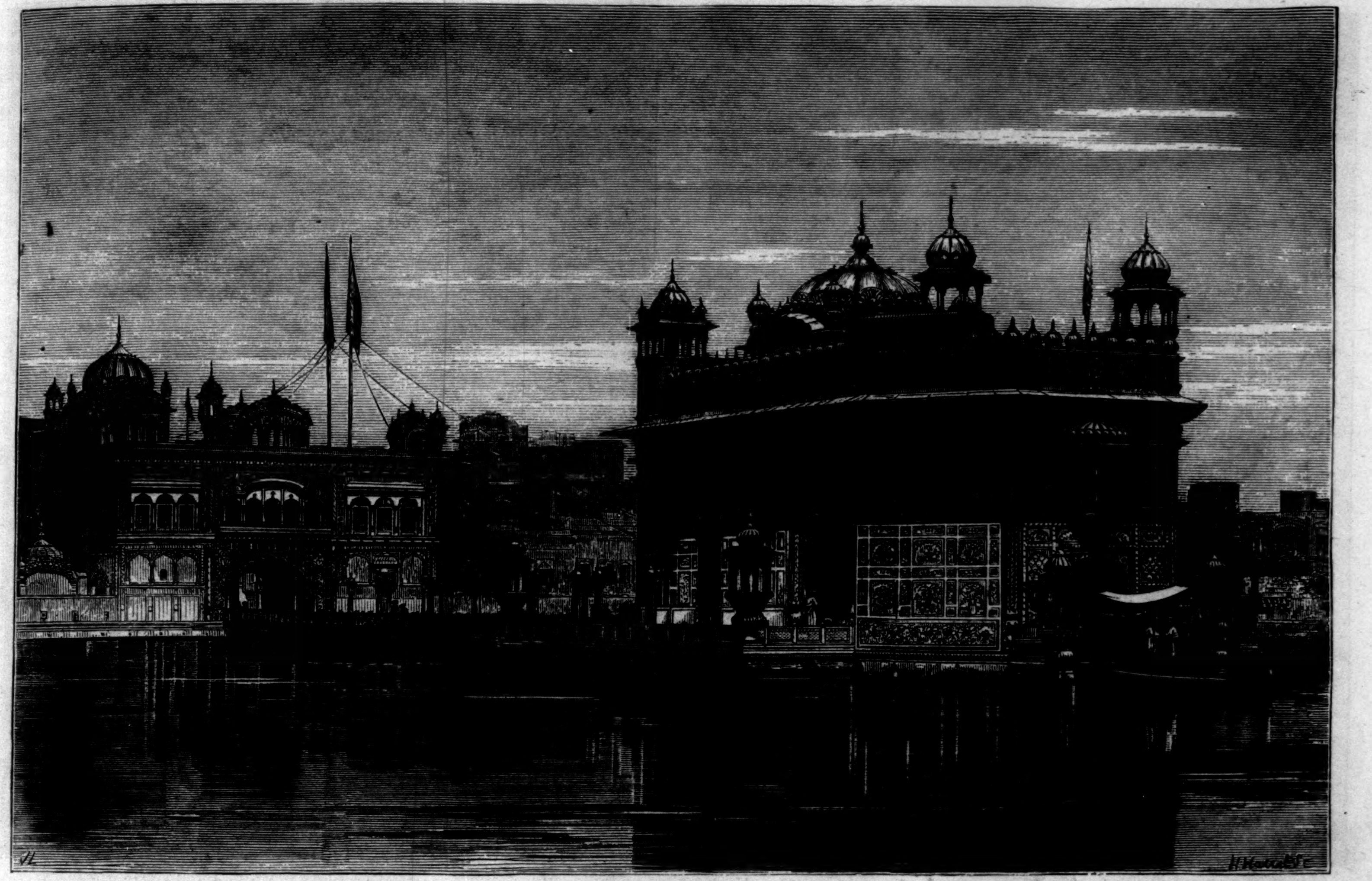
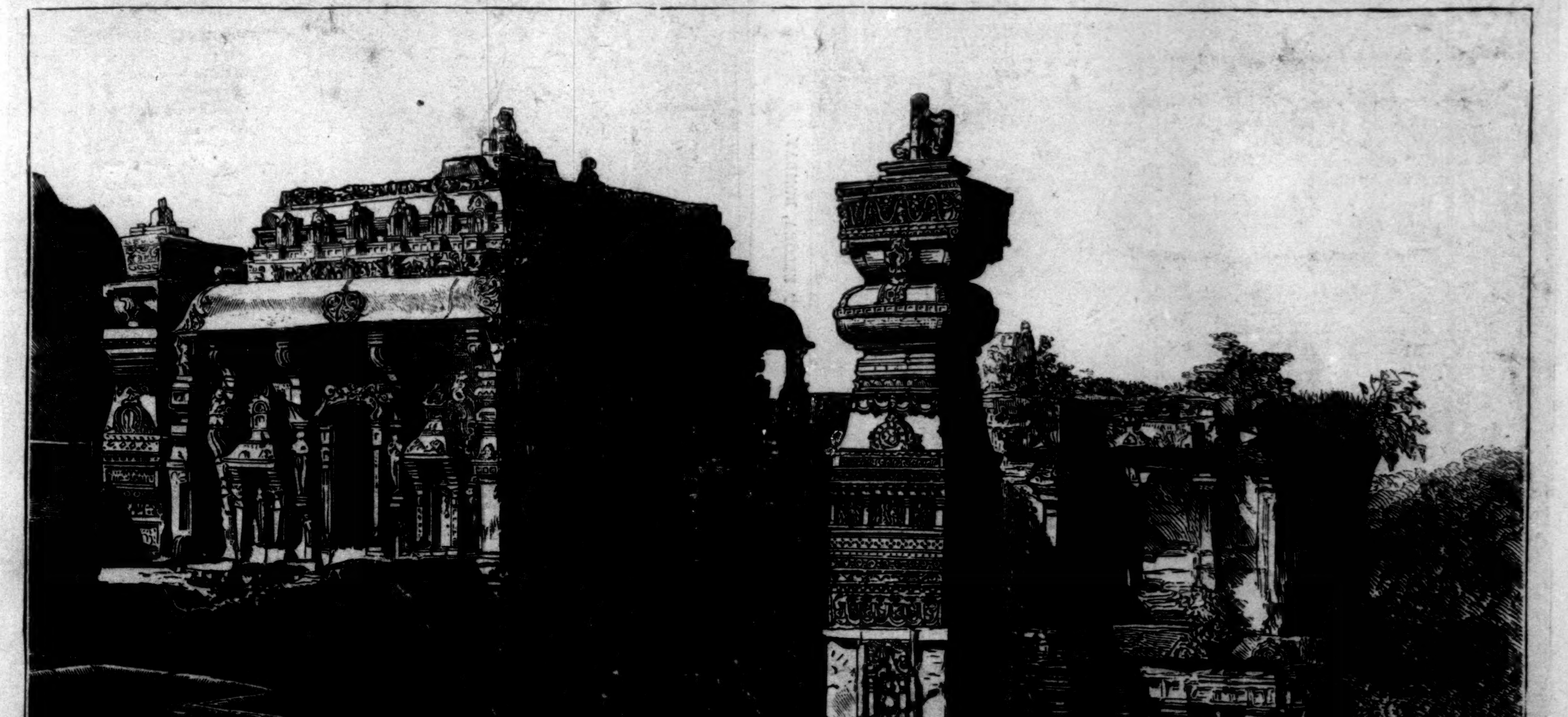


THE GOLDEN TEMPLE, AMRITSIR.

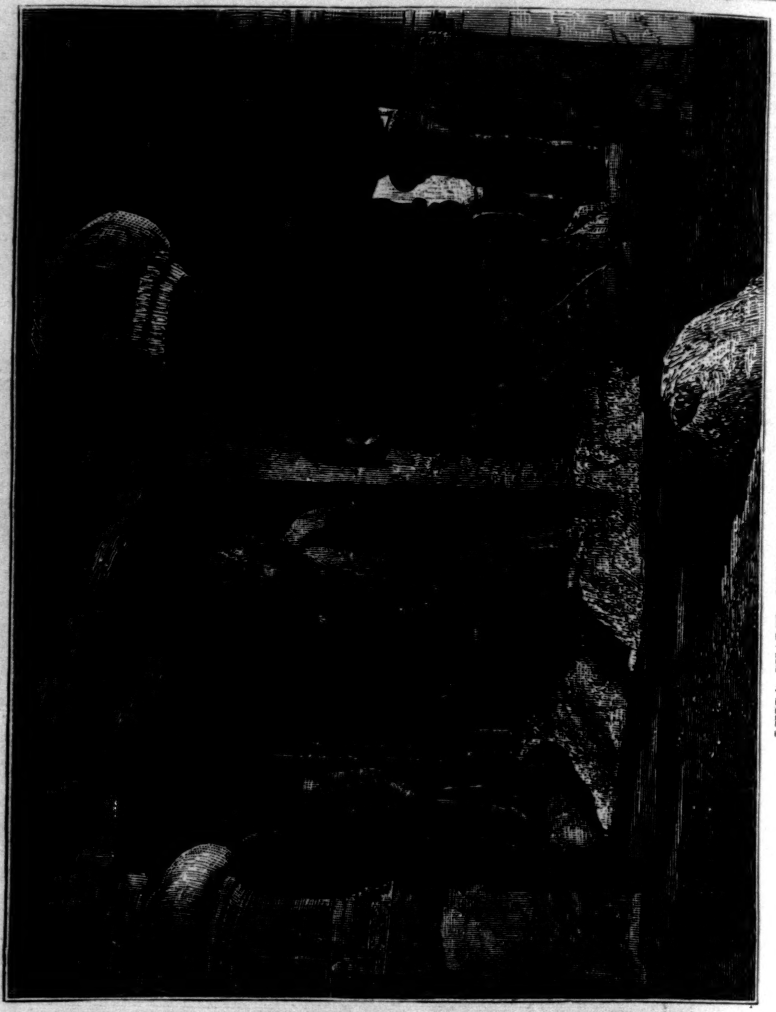
titudes that bathe in it, and supplied apparently by natural springs. In the middle, on a small island, is a temple of Hari or Vishnu, and on the bank a diminutive structure, where the founder, RAM DAS, is said to have spent his life in a sitting posture. The temple on the island is richly adorned with gold and other costly embellishments, and in it sits the sovereign Guru of the Sikhs to receive the presents and homage of his followers.

Ellora, a decayed town in Hyderabad, derives its celebrity chiefly from the remarkable excavations in the neighboring mountain, known as the temples of Ellora. According to Hindoo legend, the date of these temples is carried back for a period of 7950 years, and their origin ascribed to

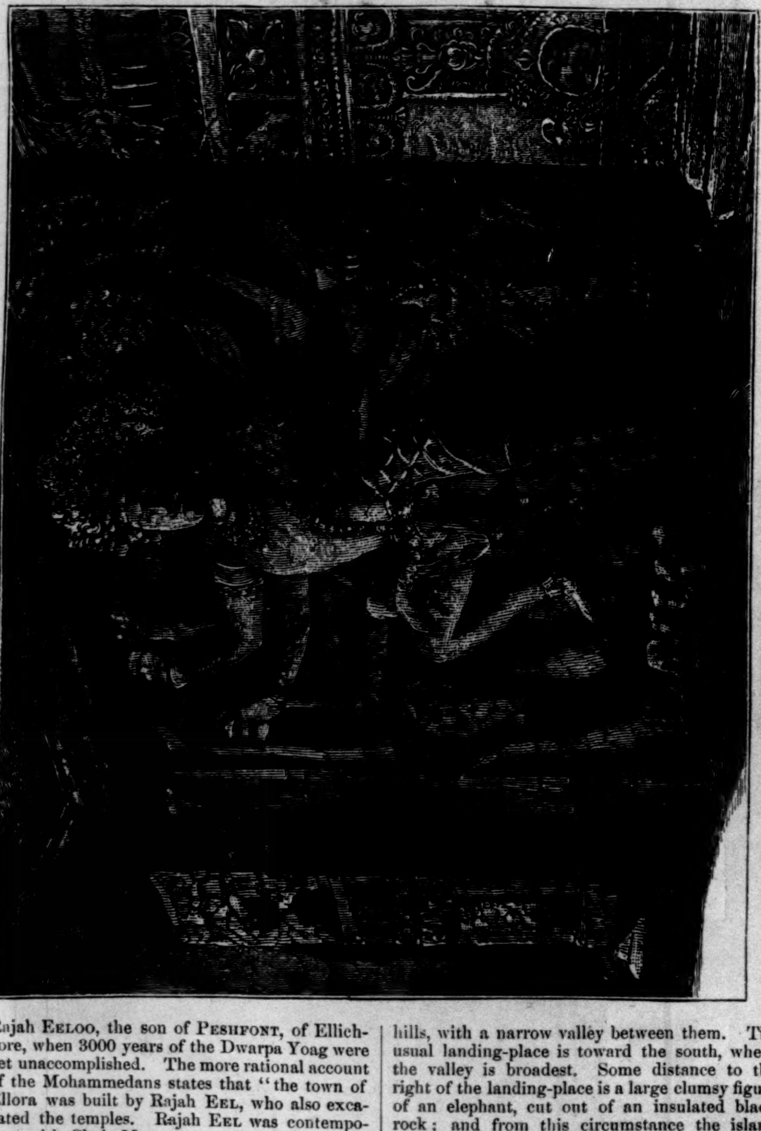


THE CAVES OF ELLORA, BOMBAY.

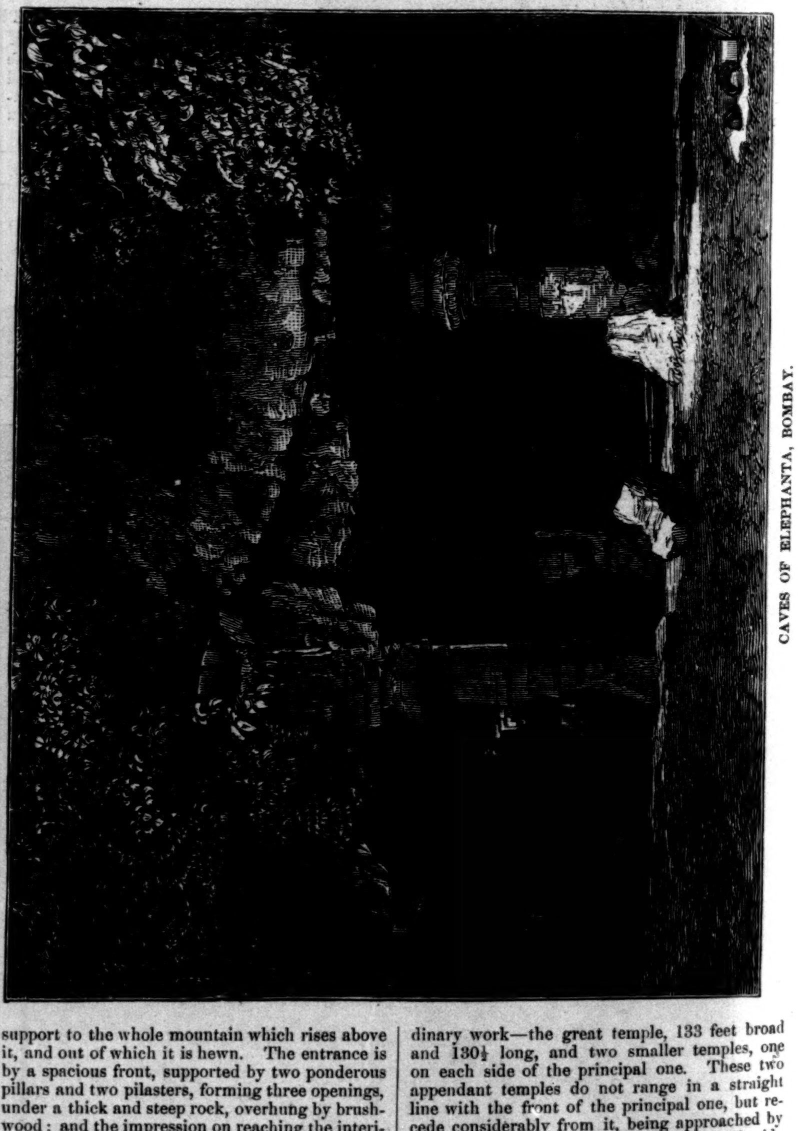
MARBLE ROCK OF JUBBULPOOR.



LINGA CHAPEL, GREAT CAVE, ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY.



SIVA, THE DESTROYER, CAVES OF ELLORA, BOMBAY.



CAVES OF ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY.

Rajah **Eeloo**, the son of **Peshfont**, of Ellichpore, when 3000 years of the Dwarpa Yoag were yet unaccomplished. The more rational account of the Mohammedans states that "the town of Ellora was built by Rajah **Eel**, who also excavated the temples. Rajah **Eel** was contemporary with Shah **Momin Arif**," who lived 950 years ago. According to **Elphinstone**, however, the first mention in history of these caves occurs in connection with the Princess **Dewal Devi**, daughter of the Rajah of Guzerat, who was captured by a party who had gone from the camp of **Alp Khan** to visit the excavations at Ellora.

Elephanta, in the presidency of Bombay, is a small island on the east side of the harbor of Bombay, and distant about five miles from the main-land. It is something less than six miles in circumference, and is composed of two long hills, with a narrow valley between them. The usual landing-place is toward the south, where the valley is broadest. Some distance to the right of the landing-place is a large clumsy figure of an elephant, cut out of an insulated black rock; and from this circumstance the island (which by the natives is called Gara-pori) has derived the denomination by which it is known to Europeans. This huge figure, which is thirteen feet in length, is represented as much mutilated and rapidly sinking into total decay, its head and neck having in 1814 fallen from the rest of the body, which was also fast coming to the ground, an extensive fissure having taken place in the back. On advancing farther from the landing-place, the visitor comes suddenly in front of the grand entrance of a magnificent temple, whose huge massy columns seem to give support to the whole mountain which rises above it, and out of which it is hewn. The entrance is by a spacious front, supported by two ponderous pillars and two pilasters, forming three openings, under a thick and steep rock, overhung by brushwood; and the impression on reaching the interior is rendered very deep and solemn by the long ranges of columns that appear closing in perspective on every side; the flat roof of solid rock that seems to be prevented from falling only by the massive pillars whose capitals are pressed down and flattened, as if by the superincumbent weight; the darkness that obscures the interior of the temple, which is dimly lighted only from the entrances; and the gloomy appearance of the gigantic stone figures ranged along the wall, and hewn out of the living rock.

There are three principal parts in this extraordinary work—the great temple, 133 feet broad and 130½ long, and two smaller temples, one on each side of the principal one. These two appendant temples do not range in a straight line with the front of the principal one, but recede considerably from it, being approached by two narrow passes in the hill, one on each side of the grand entrance, but at some distance therefrom. Each of these passes conducts also to a side front of the grand excavation, exactly like the principal front, consisting of two huge pillars with two pilasters. These two side fronts are precisely opposite to each other, on the east and west, the grand entrance facing the north; and the plan is regular, there being eight pillars and pilasters in a line from the northern entrance to the southern extremity, and the same number from the eastern to the western entrances.

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